Beaver Thomas Jan 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

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WOMAN ALLEGED ASSAULT SETTLES CASE FOR $50

Mrs. Edward Baudis, of Bush Hollow, the Prosecutrix.

H. JANET AS DEFENDANT

Woman Charged that Bald Eagle Valley Junk Dealer Entered Her Home During Fair Week—Said She Drove Him Away with Revolver.

H. Janet, driver of a junk dealer's wagon on regular trips through the Bald Eagle valley, yesterday figured as a defendant in a hearing before Squire W. H. Musser, Mrs. Edward Baudis, of Bush Hollow, near Unionville, being the prosecutrix. Mrs. Baudis alleged that Janet had attempted to attack her and had a warrant issued for his arrest. A settlement was accomplished during the day, with the approval of Squire Musser, Mrs. Baudis dropping the charge on the payment to her of $50. Janet also paid the costs, amounting to $22.50.

During fair week of last year, Mrs. Baudis alleged, Janet entered her home at Bush Hollow and attempted to attack her, but that she had chased him away with a revolver. Some time after this Mrs. Baudis and her husband came to Bellefonte and laid the matter before Squire W. H. Musser. The latter made personal inquiry into the case, desiring to be fully informed before issuing a warrant for Janet. Several weeks ago Mr. Baudis came to Bellefonte and asked Squire Musser to press the charge. The latter consulted with Chief of Police Dukeman and eventually a warrant was issued for Janet's arrest. It was sent to Lock Haven where the police took Janet into custody. He was held under bail for a hearing before Squire Musser in Bellefonte yesterday. The interested parties appeared at the Squire's office and the settlement was made. The woman's husband is a son of Mrs. John Baudis, who was murdered at Scotia several years ago.

Mrs. Francis Solt Dead.

Mrs. Francis Solt died on Monday afternoon, last, at 4.45 o'clock, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lincoln H. Musser, on Howard Street. Her death was due to exhaustion incident to advanced years. Funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, with interment in the Union cemetery. Deceased was the widow of the late David Solt, and was aged 84 years, 10 months and 27 days. For several years she and her husband resided at Mackeyville, later removing to Zion, at which place Mr. Solt conducted the now well known Noll store. Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Lincoln H. Musser and Mrs. Thompson Barnhart, both of Bellefonte. Two daughters preceded her to the grave, Mrs. C. Lesh, of Altoona, and Mrs. S. Harter, of Milesburg. Mrs. Solt's maiden name was Francis Spayd. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Spayd and was born at Madisonburg, April 7, 1828. She spent the last 18 years of her life with her daughters. She was a life-long member of the Reformed church.

Squire Gives Woman Advice.

"Don't quarrel with your neighbors, but follow the example of your children and attend church and Sunday school with them," was the homely advice of Squire Musser to Mrs. Norman Myers at the conclusion of a hearing in his offiee on Tuesday night.

"My place is at home," was the brief but pointed reply of Mrs. Myers, who was compelled to pay the costs in the case, amounting to $10. The prosecutors were Mr. and Mrs. Sol Gehret. The two families are neighbors, both residing on reservoir hill. Some unpleasantness arose and finally culminated in a warrant being issued at the instance of Mr. and Mrs. Gehret, charging malicious mischief. The Myers' children and Squire Musser attend the same Sunday school. This fact gave the Squire the theme for his advice to the mother before imposing on her the $10 costs.

Look ! Look ! Look !

A grand treat for our citizens. Major Hendershot, the original drummer boy of the Rappahannock, and his son, H. B. Hendershot, will give at Petriken Hall, March 14th, a rare musical treat such as you are not in the habit of hearing. These are talented gentlemen, and the music they draw from drum and fife is wonderful. You surely cannot afford to miss this great opportunity. Admission 25c. Children under 12 years of age 15c.

IN JUVENILE COURT

Judge Orvis Considers Cases of Two Young Girls Last Week.

Judge Orvis last week held a session of juvenile court to dispose of two cases on hand. In both instances the matter of future homes was the chief consideration.

Zilla the eldest daughter of C. F. Beckwith, of Taylor township, was one of the young girls to appear before Judge Orvis. The mother is dead and there are several children in the family. The father is a hard-working man and is unable to be at home as much of the time as he would prefer. In order that his daughter, Zilla, might be where she would be in good hands and receive the care and attention a child of 12 or 13 years should receive, it was his desire that Judge Orvis have her sent to the girls' school at Glen Mills. This was accordingly done and she was taken to that institution last week.

Letitia Bathurst was the second child whose case was heard and disposed of for the present at least. Her mother explained that it would perhaps be for the best if the little girl were placed in another home. The child was given to Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, juvenile court officer, who gave her into the keeping of her grandfather, Hiram Shultz, of Milesburg, the latter having volunteered to provide a good home as long as she would remain.

CHARGED WITH THEFT

Two Pleasant Gap Young Men Accused of Taking Supplies From House.

On information made by Joshua Armstrong, of Pleasant Gap, Blair Markel and Elmer Shaeffer, two young men of that place, were yesterday charged with the theft of certain supplies from the Armstrong home. Warrants were issued and placed in the hands of Constable Horace Musser to be served. A hearing in the case will be held probably today before Squire W. H. Musser.

Mr. Armstrong is building a new house at Pleasant Gap and for some time past he has been missing supplies of one kind and another. On Sunday, last, he alleges that he caught Markel and Shaeffer in the act of stealing a roll of roofing paper. He notified them to return it without delay but the young men, he says, ignored the request. Mr. Armstrong then went before Squire Musser and had the warrants issued. It is said that the young men, who are about 16 or 18 years old, used the articles in building a cabin in the mountains.

Alleged Shortage in Accounts.

Deputy Treasurer Mark L. Swab, of Northumberland County, was on Monday placed under arrest, it being alleged that he was short in his accounts $24,453.99. The arrest is the culmination of an investigation of of Swab's books, which was begun a year or more ago. According to the report of the auditors there was a balance in the hands of the County Treasurer, on January 1, 1912, amounting to $35,007.42, while the amount paid over to the County Treasurer on that date was but $2,583.99. A check for $5000, as payment for county bonds, and held by the County Commissioners reduced the alleged shortage from $29,453 to $24,453.99. Expert auditors were employed by the bonding companies who had bonded the former official, but they were unable to materially reduce the amount claimed to be short. Swab waived a hearing at Sunbury and furnished $5,000 bail for his appearance in court.

Academy to Expand.

Plans are under way which, if brought into reality, will witness a wonderful change at the Bellefonte Academy. Under forclosure proceedings the school will be sold to repay a loan made by Mrs. W. F. Reeder. If the friends of the Academy in Bellefonte are successful in raising a fund to pay off the interest on the mortgage held by Mrs. Reeder, it is the intention of Prof. J. R. Hughes, headmaster, to purchase the school. If successful in this, as he is confident he will be, it is his intention to greatly enlarge the school with extensions to the main building and thereby increase the capacity for boarding students from 70 to 100.

The Academy Alumni Association, of which Gilbert B. Meyers, of Pittsburgh, is chairman, is undertaking to defray a part of the cost of the general improvements. An interesting feature will be the erection of a handsome bronze memorial tablet which will contain the name of every contributor, whether his contribution be one penny or $1,000. The various amounts contributed will not be specified on the tablet.

Read "The Republican" $1 year in advance.

WILSON TAKES OATH AND NAMES CABINET

First Democratic President in Period of 16 Years.

W. J. BRYAN HIS PREMIER

Thrice-Defeated Candidate for President Becomes Secretary of State—Great Throng at Inaugural Ceremonies on Tuesday.

The Wilson Cabinet.

Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska.

Secretary of Treasury—William G. McAdoo, of New York.

Secretary of War—Lindley M. Garrison, of New Jersey.

Attorney General—James C. McReynolds, of Tennessee.

Postmaster General - Representative Albert S. Burleson, of Texas.

Secretary of the Navy—Josephus Daniels, of North Carolina.

Secretary of the Interior—Franklin K. Lane, of California.

Secretary of Agriculture—David F. Houston, of Missouri.

Secretary of Commerce—Representative William C. Redfield, of New York.

Secretary of Labor—Representative William B. Wilson, of Pennsylvania.

With ideal weather prevailing, with the city in holiday attire and a mighty throng on hand to witness the ceremonies, President Woodrow Wilson was on Tuesday inaugurated into office at Washington. The crowd represented the greatest assemblage of Democrats in Washington on any one day in the last sixteen years, during which period the Republicans were continuously in power.

The Wilson family arrived in Washington on Monday afternoon, having made the trip from Princeton by special train. A large delegation of Princeton students escorted the President's family. On arriving at Washington the distinguished visitors were welcomed by the Inaugural Reception Committee, President Wilson later walking through a lane formed by Princeton students to a waiting automobile sent from the White House. From the railroad station the party went direct to apartments reserved for them at a hotel, Mrs. Wilson remarking that it was her first visit to Washington.

An interesting feature during the first few hours the Wilsons were in Washington was a formal call made by President and Mrs. Wilson at the White House. There they were warmly welcomed by the retiring President and Mrs. Taft, who showed them every deference and personally wished them much happiness during their four years in Washington. Returning to their hotel the Wilsons found a crowded program of events arranged for them, the last of which was a smoker held by old Princeton students and with the new President as the honor guest. Those present included a number of old classmates of the President, as well as many who were students while he was president of Princeton. The President probably enjoyed this function more than any other arranged for him in the two busy days.

Tuesday morning, the beginning of the greatest day of his life, found Mr. Wilson up bright and early and with the remark that he was feeling fine. About 9 o'clock he granted an audience to the newspaper men and at 9.30 he received the inaugural committee of Congress, who escorted him and Vice President Marshall to the White House. There President Taft was waiting for the party and the start for the Capitol, the scene of the inaugural ceremonies, was soon made. Major-General Wood, chief of staff of the army, and staff preceded them in the ride through Pennsylvania Avenue to Capitol Hill. President Wilson was attended by the Essex Troop, of New Jersey, while the new Vice President had as his escort the Black Horse Troop of Culver Academy, Indiana, his home State.

The formal ceremonies in the Senate, the inauguration of the Vice President, the swearing in of new Senators was begun promptly at noon and was witnessed by Senators and Representatives, by Supreme Court Justices in their court robes and by representatives of foreign countries in full regalia. Then following the swearing in of the new President and the delivering of his inaugural address. This over with, President Wilson, with Mr. Taft seated by his side, took up the triumphal return trip to the White House. Pennsylvania avenue was by this hour lined with thousands upon thousands of cheering persons and President Wilson repeatedly acknowledged the plaudits of the crowd by smiling and doffing his silk hat. At the President's reviewing stand Mr. Taft formally said good-bye to his successor and departed with Mrs. Taft for Georgia, where they will visit for a number of weeks.

LIQUOR LICENSE CASES STIR NEARBY COUNTIES

All Applications Refused in Mifflin, Juniata and Bedford.

HUNTINGDON IN DOUBT

Judge Woods Has Applicants There on Anxious Bench—Sensational Hearing Precedes Refusal of License for New Hotel at Robertsdale.

A number of nearb counties are considerably exercised over the granting of or refusal to grant liquor licenses. Mifflin, Juniata and Bedford counties are among those where all applications for liquor licenses have been turned down, and Huntingdon County is the latest to be placed on the list as a doubtful quantity. Judge J. M. Woods, who but a few days ago refused all licenses in Bedford County, now has ten applications in Huntingdon County under advisement. Numerously signed remonstrances have been filed against the applications and the probable action of the court is causing all manner of speculation. Judge Woods while making no announcement regarding ten applications let it be known that he would not grant the application for a new hotel, known as the Mountain House, at Robertsdale.

Sensational testimony developed in the hearing of the Robertsdale petition. E. F. Kough, freight and express agent of the East Broad Top Railroad company, at that little "dry" mining town, produced his records and gave the following quantities of "booze" shipped into Robertsdale since January 1, 1913:

"Two thousand six hundred and seventy-one cases, 980 one-eighth barrels, thirty one-fourth barrels and six one-half barrels of beer by freight, and forty-nine one-eighth barrels and twelve cases of beer by express; three barrels and three cases of whiskey by freight and ninety-four packages, thirty-six barrels and twenty-eight barrels of whisky by express; seven barrels and five kegs of wine by express."

Guelich Not Confirmed.

Charley Guelich, who has the name of being one of the best Republicans that ever held a window book in Philipsburg, was one of many victims of the Democratic hold-up in the Senate at Washington in the closing weeks of the Taft administration. His appointment as postmaster for Philipsburg was sent to the Senate for confirmation several weeks ago, but there it was held up. All hope for favorable action on it was abandoned when the old Senate passed out of existence on Tuesday. The new Senate is Democratic, the new President is a Democrat, and a natural result of such a combination will be the appointment of some Democrat as postmaster for Philipsburg in the near future. Postmaster John Gowland, whose friends are legion, will continue to serve until his successor is appointed and later confirmed by the Senate. There are a dozen or more Philipsburg Democrats hustling for the job. In Altoona the rivalry for the postmastership has caused so much bitterness that a primary election will be held to determine who shall be recommended for the appointment. The plan to have all postmasters chosen in this manner was defeated in Congress in the closing days of the session.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

Jeremiah Way to Alvin J. Way, premises in Half Moon township; $5000.

J. B. Irish, et al, to Wasil Sura, lot in Rush township; $46.

C. P. McCaleb, et ux, to C. L. Dumm, 109 acres in Walker township; $1500.

J. C. Nason, et ux, to John E. Bodle, et al, lot in Huston township; $10.

Margaret Glenn to Jerry Glenn, et al, tract in Howard township; $1.

A. S. Musser, et ux, to Emanuel Wetzle, two lots in Haines township; $1700.

Mary B. Bogert, et baron, to William W. Rupert, two tracts in Walker township; $2100.

Christian Sharer, et ux, to George W. Zeigler, tract in Rush township; $3000.

Martha E. Roan, et baron, to George S. Herkimer, tract in College township; $250.

Supreme Court Bows to Women.

The supreme court at Washington on Monday capitulated to the suffragettes. Honor to the votes for women workers was paid by the court in its adjournment after hearing one case—in time for the justices to view the parade in which 5000 women participated.

SPECIAL PARCELS POST

Quick Delivery Charges May be Paid by Affixing Regular Stamps.

Parcels post packages may now be sent by special delivery. The usual special delivery fee is charged and either ordinary postage stamps or special delivery stamps may be used for the extra postage. Parcel post stamps may be used only for paying the regular postage on the package.

The sending of a parcel post package by special delivery insures it prompt delivery upon its arrival at its destination. Without special delivery the packages are taken out at the usual time of delivering mail. It also insures delivery on Sundays and Holidays.

Under the new ruling a resident of Bellefonte may, for example, have a dressed chicken mailed to him from the country on Saturday night and it will be delivered to his home the first thing on Sunday morning, in time for his dinner.

Council in Session.

While the Bellefonte borough Council had little routine business of any great importance on hand at Monday night's meeting the members in attendance had an opportunity to hear a few wholesome sentiments voiced by John Blanchard, president of the recently appointed Board of Health. Mr. Blanchard appeared to ask that Council allow Chief of Police Dukeman $5 per month in addition to his salary as a police officer, the extra allowance to cover his services as health officer. Council was so favorably impressed with what Mr. Blanchard had to say that the suggestion was approved without a dissenting vote.

"As a Board of Health we want to be a Board of Health in fact as well as in name and we will be if Council backs us up," was one of Mr. Blanchard's pointed statements. This was said while referring to the broad scope of the recently enacted health ordinance, one of the many provisions requiring a daily milk inspection in the borough.

Council also listened to the reading of a petition from residents of East Howard Street, reciting that there is a daily lack of pressure to furnish sufficient water for commercial uses, resulting in inconvenience to such residents and also creating a dangerous situation in times of fires. Council directed the Water Committee to investigate.

The Health and Sanitation Committee recommended the cleaning of the creek bed below the water works and also the extending of a sewer farther into the stream or one extending about fifty feet down the stream. Authority was given Garbrick Bros., machinists, to build at their expense a crossing on Water Street, leading to their place of business. The report of the borough auditors covering a period of thirteen months to January 6th, 1913, was received and filed. At the next regular meeting of Council, March 17th, the water committee will recommend the water tax rate for the ensuing year.

Death of Little Child.

Melvin, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Ode Watkins, of near Axe Mann, died on Friday morning of last week from congestion of the liver. The child was aged 7 months and 23 days. It had not been ill very long and its death is deeply mourned by the parents. Funeral services were held on Sunday, interment being made in the Lutheran cemetery at Pleasant Gap, Rev. D. J. Frum officiating.

Hospital Notes.

Admitted—Mrs. Minnie Smoyer Pleasant Gap.

Operations—Miss Helen Boyer, Mrs. Alice Dugan, Bellefonte; Miss Jennie Stover, Axe Mann; Mrs. Pearl Brickley, Nittany; Mrs. Ina Bailey, Penna Furnace.

Discharged—John Clark, Bellefonte; Mrs. Virgie McClenethan, Bellefonte.

38 patients in the hospital.

May Move Post Office.

Removal of the Bellefonte postoffice from the present location is under consideration. One of several sites in view is the store room occupied by Henry S. Linn and the basement room occupied by Frank Sasserman for his barber shop, both in the Centre County Bank building

Walter Jenkins Dead.

Walter Jenkins, son of the late John Jenkins, of Milton, and a nephew of Mrs. E. S. Dorworth, died at Milton on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, following an illness of but a few days. He was for a number of years located at Howard.

Bedford County "Dry."

Judge J. M. Woods, at Bedford last Saturday, handed down a decision refusing all applications for liquor licenses in Bedford County. There were eleven applicants.

STATE COLLEGE GETS $75,000 P. O. BUILDING

Announcement in Telegram from Congressman Patton.

RESIDENTS DELIGHTED

Movement to Secure Government Building Started Two Years Ago—Bill Passed and Signed in Closing Hours of Last Congress.

A $75,000 postoffice building for State College is assured. In the hurly-burly of legislation during the closing hours of the session of the recent Congress the bill providing for a government building at State College went through and received the approval of President Taft.

Considerable uneasiness was experienced among State College residents over the probable fate of the bill. This gave way to rejoicing on Tuesday when Postmaster Philip D. Foster received a telegram from Congressman Patton announcing that the bill had weathered the rocks in Congress and had also received the signature of President Taft. The agitation to secure for State College such a building was begun two years ago.

Just when the money for the government building will be available, or when work will be started, is not known at this time. Residents of that place are hopeful that active operations will be under way in the no distant future.

Held on Theft Charge.

Ira Wolf, John Switzer, better known as "Far-a-way," and George Reed were last week arrested and lodged in jail, charged with stealing several chickens, a half-dozen shirts and a bucket of corn from Joe Compani, a foreigner at Coleville. The three were later given a hearing before Squire Musser, who committed them for trial in court. A warrant is out for a fourth party, alleged to have been present when the stealing was done. Wolf, who is about 19 years old, was the first to be arrested. He admitted the charge and implicated Switzer and Reed and a fourth person. Reed and Switzer denied the charge, claiming not to know much about what happened on the night the stealing was done.

Deputy Sheriff Rowe and Chief of Police Dukeman went out to Coleville one morning last week to locate a foreigner wanted in Lewistown. As they were passing the freight station in Coleville they noticed young Wolf. The latter saw the two officers and lost no time in starting down the track. When the officers later learned of the stealing at Joe Compani's house they concluded that young Wolf knew something about it and accordingly placed him under arrest. 'Far-a-way" Switzer was picked up in town on Saturday night. When taken to jail he had several bottles of whiskey in his pockets. Chief of Police Dukeman was engaged in searching him when Switzer made a vicious swing which Dukeman managed to dodge and miss by a hair's breadth. Sheriff Lee happened into the office just in time to save Switzer from being pummeled, for Dukeman was enraged and had his prisoner backed up against the wall. At the hearing before Squire Musser Switzer said he was unable to recall much, but he had not forgotten his tussle with Officer Dukeman.

One or more of the four for whom warrants were issued in this instance are under bail for alleged chicken stealing at the Dawson home, on Half-moon hill, several weeks ago.

Inauguration Day Weather.

1873—Grant,.....Bitter cold; high wind.
1877—Hayes.....Snow and wind.
1881—Garfield...Snow.
1885—Cleveland.Fair and cold.
1889—Harrison...Heavy rain.
1893—Cleveland.Snow, cold gale.
1897—McKinley.Clear.
1901—McKinley.Drenching rain.
1905—Roosevelt.Fine.
1909—Taft..... Blizzard.
1913—Wilson.....Fine.

Died from Broken Back.

George T. Katen died on Saturday, last, at his late home at Chester Hill, from injuries sustained in an accident on April 8th, 1912, at the Philipsburg Fire Brick Works. He was caught under a heay casting and suffered a brocken back. He is survived by a widow who was formerly Miss Lola Goss, of Osceola, and six children. The deceased was 43 years old.

Read "TheRepublican $1 a year in advance.

Promoter Tells About Glass Works.

"What about the glass works?"

"Is it a go?"

The foregoing are questions one hears asked a dozen or more times a day. Needless to say, those who ask the questions are hopeful of hearing favorable news. Everybody in Bellefonte wants to see the glass works established. Any new, good industry would help things along. Bellefonte needs some industries that will employ skilled labor, for that means a certain amount of currency placed in circulation at frequent intervals.

F. B. Ott, one of the promoters of the glass works project, recently delivered an address to some of the business men of Bellefonte. He told his story in detail. What he there said has since been submitted to and considered by the Executive Committee of the Board of Trade. Believing that the public in general is interested in hearing what the promoters have to say on the subject, "The Republican" this week publishes Mr. Ott's address just as he delivered it. Mr. Ott said:

Mr. Chairman and Business Men of Bellefonte:—I assure you that I feel highly honored in having the privilege of appearing before you. Seldom do I build myself a wall with a manuscript to hide behind; but I deemed it most prudent to do so on this occasion, since I desire to hold myself strictly to my theme, to tell my story in the fewest words possible on every point, and to keep an exact record of what I say.

Just what mystery seems to cling around the Centre County Window Glass Company proposition I do not know. The promoters and the organizers surely know of none unless it would be the unusual and the exceptional fact that once in your midst something was done without graft, making it look mysterious, or some one somewhere wanted to be consulted or get a block of stock, as water, which of course he did not get. It may be, too, that someone has a friend who needs a job and who has neither skill nor brains to make window glass and who may not know the difference between a window pane and a pain in his own head. This may be the mystery. I do not know; but I do know that the Centre County Window Glass Company appears before you without watered stock. It appears before you without the advice of any would-be "king bee" of your town, and without the distribution of any offices, as bouquets, to men who are unskilled in the making of glass so that the success of the Company is assured from the start. Remember, gentlemen, this is not a wildcat proposition. No gold mine or oil well to be, where all is uncertainty and imagination and where distance lends enchantment to the would-be-but-never-to-be profits.

This Company has been incorporated under the laws of the state of Delaware, making it one of the best as well as one of the most liberal charters obtainable. In Delaware yearly corporation taxes are not daylight robbery and the initial charter fees and the red-tape to be gone through was not prohibitive to men who wish to begin business with a limited amount of capital. The charter of this Company was secured by the skilled glass workers of Bellefonte; not for the purpose of "feeding fat" the coffers of the state of Pennsylvania, but for the purpose of bringing to Bellefonte an industry of exceptional merit and worth as well as to promote greater business activity by giving employment to the score or more of the skilled glass workers living in your midst and above all to make money for the Company's stockholders.

Gentlemen, how many Companies do you think exist today that are not fifty-one per cent water outside of the banking institutions of the country? Do you think for a moment there is no watered stock in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company? Do you think there is no watered stock in the Cambria Steel Company or the thousand and one other companies all over the country? Be not deceived; the dividends are declared on over half water. But to repeat, there is no watered stock in The Centre County Window Glass Company.

The Centre County Window Glass Company is capitalized at one hundred thousand dollars. Forty of this one hundred thousand is to remain in the treasury for the future enlargement of the plant. Sixty thousand dollars worth of the capital stock is now being sold to purchase the ground, to build the solid reinforced concrete factories, to equip the plant, and to provide sufficient running capital to carry on the business. The equipment is to contain an eighteen blow-over continuous tank instead of the old pot furnaces formerly used here. This means no loss of time and saves the breakage of pots which meant usually a total daily loss of at least twenty-five dollars, or a monthly loss of close on to a thousand dollars. Yet with all this heavy loss, the old pot furnaces made money right here in this town, though the people of Bellefonte labor under the false impression that the glass industry heretofore in Bellefonte was a failure. While the truth of the matter is that it was a money maker,—a fact given the speaker by a prominent attorney of Bellefonte who has the books and papers to prove this assertion.

True, if you place your money into this proposition, you can expect that the promoters will get a small commission out of it to launch this Company. The promoters are not in your town for their health. They cannot and do not live on pure fresh air alone. You as business men are not known in your several activities to work without a profit. You get a certain per cent profit on the goods you handle and it is right and proper that you should because it is due you for your services. And no one objects to paying you a reasonable profit for the service you render the public. Neither does any one presume to be so bold as to ask you what per cent you had added as your profit. Yes, we are getting a per cent to bring into your midst an industry of merit and worth and I know that you will all agree with me that we should get a reasonable profit for our services. To dispel any fears you may have of us getting too much for our work, I beg you to ask any other promoters as to what they would charge to do the same work. To begrudge any one an honest dollar earned through honest service is barbaric; and I do not believe there is any such spirit in this audience.

The glass business stands unique in the manufacturing industries of the world by way of large profits. Think, about thirty-two years ago, when the late Mr. Ford, of Ford City, was seventy years of age, he was sold out by the sheriff. Being "down and out," Mr. Ford made the statement that his long life had taught him just how to do business and that there was more money in the manufacturing of glass than in any other business man could engage in.

With this business knowledge and these convictions, Mr. Ford tried to raise sufficient capital to start into the manufacture of glass. But Pittsburgh failed to hear his call for money, as did Bellefonte at that time, so he was compelled to go to New York City to raise the necessary funds to start into the glass business and to equip the present Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company of Ford City, Pennsylvania. Upon returning from New York with the necessary money, he went up the Allegheny River, purchased lowlands, which flooded every year, and started a small glass plant, which has since grown into a plant of nearly a mile in length along the river.

At Mr. Ford's death, about ten years ago his estate was valued at six million dollars. Besides, during his business career in the glass work, he gave away several millions for charity sake.

As a matter of fact, when Mr. Ford was "down and out" and was seeking aid to launch his glass industry, he came to Bellefonte, where he said were the greatest possibilities in the whole country for the manufacture of glass. But Mr. Ford's efforts in Bellefonte were all in vain. The men who at that time possessed the dollar held to it with a death grip. The result was that Ford City, instead of Bellefonte, is now the great glass centre. Bellefonte could have today ten times the population it has, had the moneyed men not hugged the eagle as tightly then as they did. Remember, in Bellefonte glass can be made with a far greater profit than in any other town in the country, according to the thought advanced by the old man Ford. Whether you believe this or not matters little, it still remains a fact.

A few figures and facts here will show you that every dollar you put into the Centre County Window Glass Company will earn you handsome dividends, even the first year. As a rule there are three grades of window glass made; B, a low grade; A, a better grade; and AA, the best grade. This is true in both single and double strength glass.

Let us now take a pane of B grade of glass, 24 by 36, a single strength with an average discount of 90 and 30 off and find the selling price of 100 ft box of glass. The list price of 50 ft box of this size glass is $31.00; and with 90 and 30 off, then doubling it for 100 ft box, it will give us as a selling price $4.34. Now a very conservative estimate made from the cost of raw material, from the labor entering into the various operations of the plant, and from the cost of the skilled workmen in the course of its manufacture for a box of 100 ft. of this glass is $3.29. Hence, on a box of 100 ft. of this sized glass, the profits will be the difference between $4.34, the selling price, and $3.29, the cost of manufacturing, or $1.05.

Let us now remember that the average blower can make fifty 100 ft. boxes of single strength glass per week; and, if one blower can make 50 boxes, 12 blowers, the capacity of the factory, will make 12 times 50 boxes, or 600 boxes per week. In 40 weeks, a year's run, the factory will turn out 40 times 600 boxes, or 24,000 boxes of single strength glass of 100 feet to the box.

If the profit on a 100 ft. box of B grade, 24 by 36, single strength glass is $1.05, on 24,000 boxes, the output for forty weeks, the year's work is $25,200, or a net profit in per cent on $60,000, the capital invested, of 42.

Again, the same sized glass, 24 by 36, A grade, single strength, with average discounts of 90 and 30 off, will give a net per cent profit for the year's work of 63. To produce A, or AA, grade of glass costs practically no more than to produce B grade glass.

Let us now take the same size and strength glass, in AA, with the same discounts of 90 and 30 off, and our net per cent profits will be 92. Should we now take the present market discounts of 90 and 15 off, our net per cent profits on the same size and strength glass would be:

Grade B	79;
Grade A	139;
Grade AA	157.

Gentlemen, we have now looked with sufficient care and accuracy at the profits in the manufacture of single strength glass to show you that, if we were nine-tenths wrong in the estimates and figures, the money you see fit to invest in this glass industry will return you very handsome dividends.

Suffice it to say that the profits in double strength glass are nearly twice as great as the profits in single strength glass, and the factory will turn out just about as much of the one as the other. Exactly what dividends your money will bring you, we do not know nor do we pretend to say; but we do know that the figures and facts, we have herein given you, approach exactness near enough to show everyone of you that money placed in this proposition will be not only a very profitable investment but the stock will soon go far above par.

Let us see; the value of the plant when completed and fully equipped will be worth every cent of the sixty thousand dollars we need, because the concrete factory will be built for less than one cent per foot for the labor in the concrete. Again, to give you a fair idea of the cost of the several items entering into the equipment and the erection of this glass plant without going into detail, permit me to quote you the lowest bids and estimates so far received. For the grounds and the buildings twenty-thousand two-hundred ($20,200) dollars; and for the complete equipment, including the eighteen blow-over tank, furnaces, gas producers, lehrs, flatening ovens, and so on, twenty five thousand five hundred ($25,500) dollars, making a total of forty-five thousand seven hundred ($45,700) dollars, thus leaving a working capital of fourteen thousand three hundred ($14,300) dollars.

Once more let us reason a little. Suppose the net earnings of this Company for the year's work would be $30,000, and from the figures looked at it can easily be that and even more. But $30,000 earned on $60,000 will make the stockholders, a dividend of fifty percent. Would it not? Again, suppose the plant would net only $15,000, would not the net percent be twenty-five? It surely would. Now, if the net profits were $10,000 there would still be a dividend of sixteen and two-thirds percent. Even if the net profits were only $6,000, there would still be a dividend of ten percent; or if $3,000, you would still make five percent on the money invested. Does the bank pay you five percent?

These figures surely should show you the dividend paying possibilities in the new Centre County Window Glass industry. However it seems to me that you, as business men of Bellefonte, should invest in this proposition very freely, not so much from the dividend paying standpoint as from a greater business producing point of view. The increased trade over your counters brought about by such an industry in your midst, and the repeated turn, not of your book credits, but of cash expended from an eight hundred dollar payroll, should impel each and every one of you to go deep down into your jeans and help build up the town, your own business, as well as this glass industry. Increased cash business in this town, I am sure, cannot come too soon to be appreciated by every one of you. A boost comes from the heart through sympathy and stands for progress; while a knock always comes from cold intellect and jealousy and stands for fossilism. The most successful business man in Bellefonte or in any other town is the one who greets his customers with a glad hand, with an open heart, and with a smile of joy that lights up his countenance day after day as the customers come and go.

The officers of the Glass Company are: Capt. P. F. Garbrick, President; J. W. Strunk, Vice President; W. A. Beezer, Secretary; and C. C. Rote, Treasurer. The present directors of the Company are the four above named officers together with Harry W. Davis of Delaware. It is the earnest desire of the present Board of Directors of the Company that as soon as the required amount of stock has been sold and paid in the stockholders elect two or even four more directors. The present directors have earnestly requested that Col. W. Fred Reynolds and Mr. F. H. Thomas accept to become members of the Board of Directors. These men have not as yet consented to accept nor refused acceptance. It is to be hoped they will accept since it is the wish of everyone concerned that they do. Anyone or all of present officers and directors are willing and ready to resign their positions and make room for anyone else to fill their places if it is for the best interests and the greater good of the Company. As it stands now the organization is in the hands of the skilled glass workers who thoroughly understand their business.

As a promoter permit me to say that I feel confident that these men are fully capable and possess enough keen foresight and sufficient business ability to make this glass factory produce handsome dividends for its stockholders. Another dividend producing factor in this Glass Company is the fact that every skilled workman in the factory must take five and, if possible, ten hundred dollars worth of the stock of the Company. Those of the skilled glass workers who do not have the full amount in ready cash to pay for their subscribed stock, must pay part now and when the factory is once running they are required to pay out of their weekly wages a certain agreed upon amount until their stock is fully paid. This gives each skilled workman a deeper interest in his work and in the factory and hence greater profits will accrue to the factory. This fact should clear away the mysterious thirty thousand dollars, which our circular said "has been sold," and which has mystified a few who are the saintly crooked that generally prevail in a community to throw cold water over every new idea and business advanced in a community.

It is the sincere wish of the Glass Company to keep as much of the stock of this Company in Bellefonte as possible. As to who the present stockholders are, it is not prudent to tell; since to do so is to air some other man's private business who does not want his business proclaimed from the house tops. To illustrate: Suppose Joe Smith, across the way, is going through the financial narrows, as we all more or less do sometimes, and suppose further that Joe does not have the highest financial rating, but is strictly honest, industrious, and a most excellent financier. Dare Joe venture further? Joe's big blue eyes sparkle with delight to think that he has a chance to invest in a new industry that he believes to be most excellent and that he feels sure will bring him big returns and boom the town. The promoters solicit Joe and he invests. The promoter now solicits Joe's jealous neighbor and the neighbor sucks the news from the promoter who might as well scatter dynamite in the community as to air Joe's private business. The bank and Joe's creditors now whisper vengeance upon the "blue eyes." Joe will be put to the test limit. He must now produce to his jealous brother. Joe will be financially ruined. The dynamite has been set loose and Joe's venture has caused an explosion. Yes, it is an admirable trait to be highly admired in a promoter who can hold his tongue from the things that should not be told. No one would think of learning the twenty-two thousand names of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company before buying stock in that Company. Is it not amply sufficient to know, before investing in a company, that the Company is engaged in a legitimate business, that it is conducted along the lines of best business principles, and that its officers are sound and reliable men who understand their business? Hence we as promoters never make known the names of the stockholders of any of the companies we promote. If a stockholder wishes to tell his neighbor that he has taken stock he is privileged to do so. That is none of our business.

The glass workers who started this Company feel that the more stock that is sold in Bellefonte the deeper will they sense their obligation to their home people, and the more keen will their inspiration become to produce large dividends for their friends and investors. There is enough money in Bellefonte to be had, we believe, so that the profits of the Company need not go outside of Bellefonte. However it is up to the people here to show whether the persevering efforts of the glass workers are appreciated and whether the community is willing to assist in bringing about new and greater business activities in Bellefonte.

As one of the promoters I beg to state that if you feel that your money is not safe in the hands of this Company, or that it is not wisely invested, then, I pray you, do not touch this proposition. We, as promoters, do not feel the least doubt as to the sale of the balance of this gilt-edged stock away from your town. In fact gilt-edged stock like this is easier sold away from this town than here. We have promised these glass workers, in whose hands rests this organization at present, that we will sell this stock for them, no matter where; and we intend to do so, since our business is the promotion of companies and the raising of funds. To bring too much outside capital into any proposition, we have frequently found, endangers the permanency of the industry in that locality. Where there is too much outside capital used, the town never knows how soon some other town will offer some most excellent inducements and the factory move away, leaving nothing but the empty buildings. May I strongly advise against bringing in too much outside capital, especially since you and your people are fully able to handle this window glass proposition without any foreign capital.

Gentlemen, permit me to say in conclusion that you have a chance here to invest in the cleanest proposition, as well as the most profitable, that has ever come to Centre County, making not a single exception. May I hope that my paper here to night has covered all points is question and dispelled all the seeming mystery surrounding this proposition. May you feel that a dollar invested at your door is worth two invested in the wilds of the Rockies or even in your neighboring town. May you all realize that the proposition before you affords you the opportunity to increase your own business and to add growth to your town. Will you pass the opportunity scornfully by, or what will you do with it? I thank you all for the kind invitation to appear before you and the audience you have given me.

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CAN BE CURED
I Will Prove it to You Free

J. C. Hutzell, R. P.

You who are suffering the tortures of Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum or other skin diseases—you whose days are made miserable and whose nights are made sleepless by the terrible itching, burning torture—I will send you a trial of a soothing, healing treatment which has cured hundreds, which I believe will cure you. I will send it free, postage paid, without any obligation on your part. Just fill the coupon below and mail it to me, or write me, giving your name, age and address. I will send the treatment free of cost to you.

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Gettysburg Commission Friction.

General Louis Wagner, chairman of the Pennsylvania commission to arrange for the observance in July of the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, several days ago sent his resignation as a member of the commission to Governor Tener to take effect at once. His action was not unexpected.

While General Wagner did not make known his reasons for severing his connection with the commission, it is known that there has been friction in the commission.

Nearly all the states that were involved in the Civil war, either on the Union or Confederate side, are expected to participate in the peace jubilee.

Several weeks ago General Wagner declared that Confederate veterans attending the grand reunion at Gettysburg next July should not wear their old uniforms. Governor Tener, at the same meeting of the Gettysburg commission, declared that all veterans would be welcome at the reunion and also privileged to wear what they pleased. It is generally supposed that this led to General Wagner's resignation. By some it is believed that he was asked to resign not later than March 1st. General Wagner's successor as chairman of the commission is George F. Baer, president of the Reading Railway, who is also a Civil war veteran.

Insured an Opera Company.

Violinists have insured their precious fingers and pianists have taken similar precautions against loss, but the vocal cords of an entire opera company have never been insured until the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company started last week on its Western trip. That organization was insured for any loss that it might sustain through the failure to give a performance.

According to the terms of the policies the company is protected against any cause which might prevent an advertised performance. The company is to give sixty-five performances between its opening in Dallas, Tex., and the last performance in Cincinnati on April 29. The average guarantee is $10,000 from the local managers in the cities to be visited. Before the tour began the Chicago Opera Company, which requires three special trains for its transportation, had to pay out $250,000, of which one-half went for railroad fares. So it was important to take every precaution against loss through missing the guaranteed performances.

The policies cover every possible contingency. Should Mary Garden sprain her shoulder and thus compel the cancellation of a date the company will be reimbursed to the extent of $10,000. Delayed trains or blocking of tracks, quarantine regulations, fire, strikes, riots or earthquake are all provided for in the insurance.

The total amount of insurance is $1,267,000, so that in case of any accident which might happen before the first performance and compel the abandonment of the whole tour the company would receive the full amount of its guarantees. The premium on the policies amounted to $25,000.

It is the first time in the history of American insurance companies that such protection has even been considered.

Submitted to Operation.

Raymond Dale, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Dale, of near State College, on last Thursday underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Bellefonte hospital. He had been in poor health for some time and while his condition was not considered serious it was deemed best to have the operation performed without further delay. The young man is a grandson of Dr. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills.

Colored Legislator Lectured.

Representative H. W. Bass, of Philadelphia, the only colored member of the Legislature, on last Thursday night delivered a lecture in Bellefonte, his subject being "Achievements of the Colored People Since the Days of Emancipation."

Introduced Road Bill.

Representative C. L. Gramley, of Rebersburg, has introduced into the House at Harrisburg a bill for the establishment of a State highway from Centre Hall to Mifflinburg.

Save Girls by Good Homes.

"Wanted, one hundred married women, willing to take into their homes nice, clean young girls as maids, and to take an active interest in the girls' welfare. Apply at office of District Attorney Edward J. Yockey, Milwaukee."

A campaign to save girls from the evils and vices of a big city is the object of Mr. Yockey's advertisement, and not the least part of his plan is the solution of the domestic service problem of the Milwaukee housewife.

The district attorney's interest is in the protection of girls of tender age, whose environment is of the worst and whose young lives are endangered. His idea is to provide homes for girls who, without other help, would necessarily work in factories or places where their youth and unsophisticated nature would render them easy prey to waiting snares and pitfalls.

Webb Bill Now a Law.

Both branches of Congress late last week passed the Webb liquor bill over the veto of President Taft. The bill prohibits shipping liquor into a "dry" state. President Taft vetoed it because in his judgment and that of the Attorney General it is unconstitutional. In his veto message the President said that many members of Congress voted for the bill knowing it to be unconstitutional but preferring to play to the galleries rather than carry out their honest convictions.

Low Fares to the West.

Pennsylvania Railroad. Tickets to Rocky Mountains, Pacific Coast, Western Canada, Mexico and Southwestern points on sale daily March 14 to April 14 inclusive at reduced fares. Consult nearest Ticket Agent, or O. T. Boyd, D. P. A., Pittsburgh, Pa.

State Wrestlers Victorious.

The Penn State wrestling team defeated Cornell in a well-contested match last Saturday, at Ithaca, N. Y., by a score of 5 to 2. State got three falls to Cornell two, but the visitors got the benefit of decisions in two bouts that went three minutes over the extra period, and thereby won the match.

Don't Get All Run Down.

Weak and miserable. If you have kidney or bladder trouble, headache, pains in the back, and feel tired all over and want a pleasant herb remedy, try Mother Gray's Aromatic-Leaf. As a tonic, laxative it has no equal. All Druggists, 50c Ask today. Sample free. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

REBUILT CARS
ON EASY PAYMENTS

$200 to $900
Guaranteed for One Year

$50 down and balance in monthly payments will buy any car under our future delivery plan. Ask about it.

Touring Cars, Roadsters, Runabouts, Trucks

65 page illustrated catalogue showing these cars, free

Craig-Centre Auto Co., Inc.
Largest Dealers of High Grade used cars
Craig Street at Centre Avenue Pittsburgh, Pa.
Agents wanted everywhere

Doctors Use This for Eczema

Dr. Evans, Ex-Commissioner of Health, says: "There is almost no relation between skin diseases and the blood." The skin must be cured through the skin. The germs must be washed out, and so salves have long ago been found worthless. The most advanced physicians of this country are now agreed on this, and are prescribing a wash of wintergreen, thymol and other ingredients for eczema and all other skin diseases. This compound is known as D.D.D. Prescription for Eczema.

Dr. Holmes, the well known skin specialist writes: "I am convinced that the D.D.D. Prescription is as much a specific for eczema as quinine for malaria. I have been prescribing the D.D.D. remedy for years." It will take away the itch the instant you apply it.

In fact, we are so sure of what D.D.D. will do for you that we will be glad to let you have a $1 bottle on our guarantee that it will cost you nothing unless you find that it does the work.

GREEN'S PHARAMCY CO.

The Ruby Necklace

"She Paid the Price"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

On the night of Edith Palmer's birthday ball her husband came home early and sought his wife in her own rooms. His handsome face was aglow with love and admiration as he took the lovely form in his arms and kissed her eager, red lips.

"Darling, you are more beautiful every time I see you," he murmured.

"And you grow more blind," she chided him playfully. "I have been waiting for you to come and tell me what jewels I shall wear tonight." She turned to the dressing table and threw back the lid of a jewel box and removed the trays. Diamonds, sapphires and emeralds blazed in the light.

"Wear your rubies, Edith," said Dick Palmer, with a mysterious smile.

"Rubies? Don't tease, Dick. Those are the only stones I really want and do not possess. Shall it be diamonds?"

"Rubies tonight," insisted Dick, and from an inner pocket of his coat he drew forth a flat leather case and placed it in her hands.

"Dick Palmer, you darling!" cried Edith, and she showered kisses upon him before she opened the box. When she finally threw back the lid she was awed by the beauty of the stones her husband had selected for her birthday gift.

On a bed of white velvet was coiled a magnificent necklace of flawless rubies, perfect in color and each stone the size of a very large pea.

Dick lifted the necklace and clasped it around his wife's neck; then he stood back to admire the rich red circle of fire against the whiteness of her skin.

"You dear, extravagant boy!" murmured Edith as she turned to the mirror to feast her eyes on the jewel. "I suppose you paid an enormous price for it."

"I paid a pretty stiff price, but I guess it's worth it. I didn't buy it in Buffam's. It isn't a brand new necklace; neither is it reconstructed from an old one. It's a genuine antique said to have belonged to an Asiatic ruler."

"Where did you find it, Dick?"

"In Lenquith's on Fourth avenue. I've had it a month now, and Buffam has been cleaning it up for me. Well, I must run away and dress." Dick kissed his wife again and left the room.

Edith stood long before the mirror watching the liquid flame of the ruby necklace as she slowly turned her neck. At last she unclasped it and replaced it within its case.

"I'll not wear it down to dinner. It will be a surprise for all of them when the ball begins," she said to herself and looked around for a place in which to secret the case. The large jewel box would just fit into the tiny steel safe sunk in the wall near the chimney. Before the inconspicuous door there was hung a heavily framed square painting, which could be moved aside only by pressing a knob on the other side of the room.

Now Edith selected a diamond bracelet—a dazzling serpent with ruby eyes—and slipped it on her arm. Then she closed and locked the large jewel box, pressed the knob that moved aside the square picture and placed the box in the little safe. There was room after all for the new jewel case containing the ruby necklace, and after another glimpse of the beautiful jewel Edith tucked that in the safe, closed the steel clad door, replaced the picture and went down to dinner just as the gong sounded.

The rooms were bowers of loveliness. A separate color scheme had been selected for each one, and the whole harmonized in one glorious arrangement of flowers and palms.

There were several people staying at the Palmers', and most of them were gathered in the drawing room when Edith entered—the Maxfields, husband and wife; Eugenia Card, an old school friend of Edith's, and Dick's father, Henry Palmer. The fifth guest, Mme. Geulot had not yet joined them.

Just as the last strokes of the hall clock died away there was a rustle of silk that hesitated outside the door, and then Mme. Geulot came swiftly in, her bright coloring enhanced by two vivid crimson poinsettias at her breast. Her rich blue-black hair was coiled in a soft knot at the back of her shapely head, and above her low, thoughtful brow was placed a coronet of diamonds. Mme. Geulot was a very beautiful woman.

"A thousand pardons, cherie," she cried penitently. "That so stupid Marie of mine has made what you call a muddle of my toilet." She threw out her hands with a graceful gesture of despair, and her long dark eyes darted from one smiling face to another.

Mrs. Palmer shook her charming head and looked at the vision in amber satin and diamonds. "Dear Mme. Geulot," she said sweetly, "if you want to part with Marie I shall be delighted to relieve you of your stupid treasure!"

"No, no!" And they all laughed at madame's dismay.

In spite of the forthcoming ball the dinner was as perfect as it always had been since Pierre Caron had ruled in the Palmer kitchen. When the meal was concluded Edith went upstairs to complete her toilet, leaving her guests scattered about the flower decked rooms.

As she went up the stairway to the next floor two faces peered at her from a curtained alcove—two dark faces with cunning eyes—but so contrasting were their conditions in life that had you coupled their names the world would have laughed at you.

After dismissing her maid Edith locked the door of her room and hastened to open the wall safe, where her jewels were secreted. She started back with a little cry of dismay, for the box containing the ruby necklace had disappeared.

She recovered herself almost instantly. "Of course Dick had taken it out to show his father, but how did he know it was there? He guessed it, as I did not wear it at dinner," she said as she closed the safe, picked up her gloves and fan and went down to the drawing room, outwardly composed. Her brain was a chaos of doubt and perplexity. She dreaded to ask her husband about the necklace. She was afraid to hear his answer.

Dick met her at the door of the drawing room. "Where is the necklace?" he asked quickly.

She paled to the lips. "Then you did not take it from the safe?" she gasped.

"No, of course not. I didn't know it was there."

"Then it has been stolen!" And she related the circumstances.

He frowned. "Where is Jeanne?"

"She was in my room when I returned to it after dinner. I dismissed her then."

"It happened at dinner," he said convincingly. "I'll ring up a detective. He can come as a guest. Don't mention the matter to any one."

"No," said Edith, and went to receive the first arrivals.

In spite of the loss of the ruby necklace the birthday ball was a distinct success. No one would have surmised from the sweet composure of the hostess that she had suffered a great loss. Many complimented her on the loveliness of her appearance, and others added that she needed no jewels to enhance her beauty.

Dick Palmer introduced a slim, dark haired man in correct evening attire as the detective, Mr. Bleek, and in a few crisp questions he drew from Edith all the facts surrounding the theft of the ruby necklace.

"Bleek suggests a guest in the house," said Dick later to his wife as they stood alone together.

"Impossible!" said Edith. "The Maxfields are above suspicion. Eugenia could buy forty ruby necklaces. Your father—absurd! It must have been one of the extra servants."

"Jeanne?" asked her husband quietly.

"Oh, Jeanne is too much of a coward to attempt anything big like that. She might purloin a collar—in fact, she has a passion for collars and handkerchiefs, but not jewels."

"You have not mentioned our other guest, Edith," said Dick quietly.

She made a gesutre of dismay and searched the room with her eyes. "Mme. Geulot! Oh, Dick! I know you have warned me against my intimacy with her, when my acquaintance with her is so slight. But her letters from Paris were genuine, and she is so delightful! I wonder where she is. I have not seen her since dinner."

"I will search for her," said Dick quietly and was gone.

When he made his reappearance the last of the guests were taking departure, and when they were alone he placed his arm around his wife's slender form.

"Dear," he said, "be prepared for an unpleasant shock. The ruby necklace has been traced to Mme. Geulot. Detective Bleek found the jewel case on the person of our cook, Pierre Caron, who has confessed that the robbery was one of many that he and his wife, Celeste Geulot—none other, my dear—had planned. It seems she saw you trying on the necklace after I had left you, watched you hide it away and when you had left the room slipped in, secured the rubies, concealed them in her room and went down late to dinner.

"After dinner Pierre, her husband, went to her and demanded the necklace. She refused to give it to him then, and he took the empty case and went below, furious at her. She is now in her room or has escaped with the necklace. Will you go to her room and see if she is there? I want to avoid the servants knowing of the affair if possible."

Edith went to the door of Mme. Geulot's room and tapped lightly. There was no response to her summons or to louder knocking. Then Bleek set his shoulder to the door, and the lock gave way. He peered inside and then sprang within. The Palmers followed, gravely apprehensive.

Mme. Geulot was there. She was sitting before a cheval glass in all the regal splendor of her amber satin ball gown. About her throat was clasped the ruby necklace.

She was dead.

Bleek stepped forward and unclasped the necklace and examined it closely. "That's the way with many of these Asiatic baubles," he said thoughtfully. "I happen to have heard of this one before. There is a large reward out for it. There is a legend that if it is honestly bought or sold or presented as a gift it is quite harmless. If it is stolen the wearer pays the price, as Mme. Geulot has done, poor soul!"

He pointed to the throat of the dead woman, where a heavy black mark encircled the whiteness of her neck.

"It grew tighter and finally strangled her," he explained as they went away and closed the door behind them. "That's an Asiatic trick, too," he said.

But Edith and her husband were not listening. Edith was weeping bitterly. She was grieving for the friend who had proved false and who had paid the price.

London's Hot Baked Potatoes.

There are few colder places on a winter's night than the streets of London. Naturally anything warm is welcomed by wayfarers. Roasted chestnuts and hot pies stand high in public favor, but the cry of "Baked potatoes, all hot!" is peculiarly inviting. The simplest form of a potato can—really more like a box than a can—is of plain, unpainted tin, not unlike that used by the street pieman. In the central portion the potatoes are kept hot, while in compartments on each side salt and butter are kept. A large pepper box usually stands on the top of the can. A small valve lets out the steam, and its whistling guides the traveler in search of a hot potato. Street corners, where an omnibus stops or near places of amusement, are favorite spots for the vendors of this delicacy. The season lasts from the latter part of September until about the end of March. It is said that more than 3,000 people gain their livelihood in this way in the streets of London.

Musical Sound and the Ear.

The well trained ear of a musician can distinguish notes differing only one-hundredth part of a tone from one another. Most people cannot perceive a difference of one-tenth of a tone, and a few can scarcely tell one tone from another. The cause of this curious disparity resides in slight differences in the structure of the cochlea, a wonderful piece of apparatus in the innermost part of the ear. It is a little body shaped like a snail shell and believed to be the part of the hearing apparatus which recognizes musical sounds. In its structure it closely resembles the strings of a piano and even has a damper to prevent the mixture of sounds quickly following one another. This little musical apparatus is set going by vibrations received from the middle ear or drum, and in some mysterious manner it sends these on to the brain through the auditory nerve in the form of musical sounds.

The Drummer's Secret.

Here is an old war story. As a regiment of soldiers was on the march to Gettysburg some of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks and confiscated a couple of geese, and one of the drummers unheaded his instrument and put the captured birds in the drum.

Shortly afterward the colonel rode along and noticing the boy, said sharply:

"Why don't you beat that drum?"

"Colonel," said the drummer mysteriously, "I want to speak to you."

The colonel drew still closer and bending down his head, said, "Well what have you to say?"

The drummer whispered, "Colonel I've got a couple of geese in here."

The colonel straightened up and gravely said, "Well, if you're sick and can't play, you needn't."

The colonel had roast goose that night.

A Winter on a Mountain Top.

As one climbs up to the mountain top the danger from lightning increases rapidly, and, as a rule, the observatories located on the mountain tops are rather uncomfortable places of residence, as discovered by the scientific gentlemen who have had the experience of a winter on a mountain top. It is evident that ordinary lightning rods are entirely inadequate to carry off the enormous discharges of the mountain thunderstorms. There are several observatories on Mont Blanc, and at one of them, that of Janssen, there have been a number of bombardments, during which the interior of the place was filled with ribbonlike sheets of electricity and balls of fire which moved silently from point to point.—Exchange.

Breakfast In Norway.

Home brewed beer has of late years, says Harold Simpson in his "Rambles In Norway," largely displaced spirits as the national drink of the Norwegians. It is so popular that it is used even at breakfast to wash down the stock dish—fried pork smothered in onions. The first sight of a Norwegian breakfast table, adds the author, is apt to astound one. It is covered with small dishes, principally fish—fresh fish, smoked fish, fish in tins, fish in miniature barrels. There are also cold meats and an endless variety of cheeses, of which the Norwegians are very fond.

Tears Not Idle.

"My docter tells me a good cry is beneficial."

The second woman, opening her purse, displayed a first class return ticket to Europe.

"A good cry gained me this," she said.—New York Press.

True Love.

Tom—But perhaps she doesn't love you. Jack—Oh, yes, she does! Tom—How do you know? Jack—When I told her that I had no money to get married on she offered to borrow some from her father.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Departing Son.

"Our boy has left us," wept the mother as their only son waved good by from the car window.

"Yes," said the old man, whom the boy had just touched for a heavy loan, "but he hasn't left us much."—Detroit News.

It Takes a Long Time.

"I do not think people should get married until they are thoroughly acquainted with each other."

"What would you do—abolish matrimony?"—Judge.

A life in continual need is half death.—German Proverb.

Marrying Her Debts.

It sounds strange to talk of marrying the wife's debts, but that was a common practice in England years ago. It was before the married women's property act of 1882. In contemplation of law the husband and wife were one, and the husband was that one. Then if the bride owed any debts before marriage they devolved on the newly married husband, and he had to pay the piper. This led to some extraordinary farces being enacted. Women who were overloaded with debts actually got rid of them by marrying some poor bankrupt, imprisoned for debt. These men did not mind whether they were liable for hundreds or thousands, and the "wife" usually paid the "husband" a few pounds for the protection of his name, and then she would snap her fingers at her baffled creditors and gayly set about incurring fresh debts. The law which settled and removed this sort of thing deserves a better title than the colloquial one of "a hass."—London Answers.

Baseball Is Business.

Professional baseball is a business and millions of dollars are invested in it by business men. They make fortunes out of it, but they pay their players higher salaries than 999 out of every 1,000 of them could earn at any other line of work during a similar number of months each year. From a baseball player nothing is required but that he be able to play a good game and keep in condition. Many stars in the old days were able to do little more than sign their names and read big print. A better educated class of men are in the game today, but they are getting more money for their services than they could earn if they followed any one of hundreds of different professions. And remember that many of them stepped right out of college into good paying baseball positions. Could they have done as well financially had they entered banks or tried their hands at the law or medicine?—Ed A. Goewey in Leslie's.

Frederick and Joseph II.

During Frederick the Great's visit to Joseph II. of Austria at Neustadt he came into personal touch with some of those Austrian generals to whom he "had only spoken hitherto through the roar of cannon." When Loudon entered to take his place at the table Frederick called out to him: "Come and sit near me, M. Loudon. I much prefer you by my side to facing you." Frederick had several busts of the emperor at Sans Souci, and when he looked at them he would remark, "That is a young man on whom I must keep an eye." The Austrian sovereign was ambitious, and Frederick distrusted him. He put it this way: "The Emperor Joseph has a head. He is capable of much. It is a pity he always takes the second step before he has made the first."—"A Mystic on the Prussian Throne."

Spelling Reform Needed.

An old gentleman from the east was visiting his daughter in San Jose, Cal. Of course he pronounced the name according to the spelling until they impressed it upon him that in Spanish J has the sound of H.

By and by he started to see a son in Watsonville. This town is on a branch line a mile or so from the junction at Pajaro, and as the electric cars from Pajaro to Watsonville passed directly by the son's house, the old gentleman's railway ticket was for Pajaro. He looked at it in a puzzled way, then threw it down in great disgust, exclaiming:

"Well, sir! They can tell me that 'J-o-s-e' spells 'Hozay,' but they needn't tell me that 'P-a-j-a-r-o' spells Watsonville!"—Exchange.

Steel Globes In Space.

If two solid balls of tempered steel each the size of the earth and hard as the harveyized face of armor plate were taken in two Jovian hands, placed gently together in space and released what would happen? They would behave exactly as if they were liquid; they would coalesce like two great drops of water, and the highest prominence or mountain on the new globe could not have a height of fifty miles, because anything so high as that would flatten out under its own weight.—Hudson Maxim in Youth's Companion.

Broke the Spell.

Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, remarking on President Lincoln's dry humor said that on one occasion a delegation of negroes had waited on Mr. Lincoln and were evidently at a loss to know just what to say. The president waited awhile and then remarked:

"Well, all who are here seem to be present."

This self evident proposition broke the ice and removed the spell from the African jaw.

Would Be a Joke.

"When I die," remarked Cholly, "I think I'll leave my brain to some prominent surgeon."

"Don't do it," advised Algy. "These practical jokes are bad form—very bad form, old top."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Uncomfortable.

"She didn't speak to her husband for six months."

"My, it must have been very uncomfortable!"

"Yes—for her."

Soothing.

She—What was it the choir just sang? He—From the appearance of the congregation I think it must have been some kind of lullaby.

Beauty of Colonial Gateposts.

Perhaps no other feature adds more to the seclusion and dignity of a house than well designed entrance gateposts. The meeting point of house and grounds always presents a difficult problem, even in the best suburban architecture. Shrubbery often mitigates this unavoidable intersection, but the old fashioned white picket fence, full of interesting detail and backed up by hedges, solved the problem most satisfactorily. Yet this best solution must be used with discretion. On suburban streets broken up into many small lots, there should be an agreement on the part of several neighbors to put up the same sort of fence; otherwise the different heights and shapes of the pickets would be too disturbing to add any beauty to the houses. In other words, a good picket fence demands a certain amount of continuity to do it justice. In the gateposts, however, a great variety could be displayed, and where there is a group of little colonial houses, or even only colonial doorways, the famous old gateposts of Salem offer a wealth of suggestion.—Country Life In America.

Under a Fly's Wing.

One of the Nuremberg toymakers inclosed in a cherry stone which was exhibited at the French Crystal palace a plan of Sevastopol, a railway station and the "Messiah" of Klopstock. In more remote times an account is given of an ivory chariot, constructed by Mermecides, which was so small that a fly could cover it with his wing; also a ship of the same material which could be hidden under the wing of a bee. Pliny, too, tells us that Homer's "Iliad," with its 15,000 verses, was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nutshell, while Elian mentions an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold which he inclosed in the rind of a kernel of corn. But the Harleian manuscripts mention a greater curiosity than any of the above, it being nothing more or less than the Bible written by one Peter Bales, a chancery clerk, in so small a book that it could be inclosed in the shell of an English walnut.

A Queen Anne Mince Pie.

Take a large cow's tongue; parboil it; to three pounds of tongue take five pounds of beef suet, cut the tongue in thin slices and shred it, but shred the suet by itself; when they are both pretty fine put in the suet by degrees; keep shredding them both together till they are as fine almost as flour; then put in three pounds of currants, being first clean washed, picked and dried; cloves, mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, beat very fine, all together three-quarters of an ounce; half a pound of white sugar, a pound of dates stoned and shredded, three ounces of green citron, three ounces of candied orange cut into small thin bits, the yellow rind of two raw lemons grated, three spoonfuls of verjuice, a gill of malaga sack, half a gill of rosewater. These being well mingled, fill your pies; have a care they do not stand too long in the oven to dry after they are just enough.—From a Cookbook of 1705.

Metals.

Mercury, of course, is fluid at all ordinary temperatures. Of the metals which we commonly regard as solid, lead can be made to flow with great ease. If by hydraulic pressure it is forced into a cylinder with a hole in the side of it it will, when the cylinder is full, flow out of the hole in a solid, barlike stream. The harder metals, as gold and silver, obviously undergo slight fluxion movements in the process of coining, as iron is not perfectly rigid. In drawing out a bar of it into wire the change of form compels the particles of the metal to slide or shear over each other, just as in the flow of a liquid. So great are the pressures that can be applied by modern mechanical science that even steel can be compelled to change its shape without fracture, and all such changes imply fluxion in the metal.

Kept Up the Wailing.

In Abyssinia it was once the habit of complainants to stand before the door of the king's palace, loudly appealing to his majesty for help. "So accustomed is the king," wrote one traveler, "to these querulous tones of sorrow that when the rains prevent such as are really distressed from repairing to the capital a set of vagrants is provided whose object it is to raise the cry of artificial sorrow lest he should feel a lonely quietness."

Wanted to Be In Style.

A customer in a butcher's shop stood gazing at some small alligators in an aquarium. Having turned the matter over in his mind, the customer approached the butcher and exclaimed: "I suppose a body might as well be dead as out of style. Gimme a couple of pounds of alligator."

A Little Misunderstanding.

"Sir, your son's performance on the French horn is execrable. It will drive everybody from my house. You told me he was a teacher."

"I did not. I said he was a tooter."

Reason For Gratitude.

"So you're friendly with Cranker, are you? Why, he tells me that he won't have a thing to do with you."

"That's just why I feel kindly toward the old crab."

Subtle Slander.

A local paper giving the details of a wedding says: "Mrs. Mullins, the wife of our enterprising milkman, was becomingly attired in watered silk."

Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "Speak as you think; be what you are; pay your debts of all kinds."

Made a Strike Too.

In an imperial city a criminal was condemned to be beheaded who had a singular itching to play at ninepins. While his sentence was pronouncing he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more at his favorite game at the place of execution, and then, he said, he would submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man, his request was granted. When arrived at the solemn spot he found everything prepared, the pins being set up and the bowl ready. He played with no little earnestness, but the sheriff at length, seeing that he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executioner to strike the fatal blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so, and the head dropped into the culprit's hand as he raised himself to see what had occurred. He immediately aimed at the nine, conceiving that it was the bowl which he grasped. All nine pins falling, the head loudly exclaimed, "I have won the game!"—From the German.

An Old Tale and a New One.

The ancient story (or was it a fable?) about the poor boy who carefully picked up a pin in a bank, was given a job by an official of the institution who noted his thrifty act and finally became president of that same bank found a reminder the other day in the figure of a youthful bootblack who during a lull in trade sat upon his box sewing up a rent in his well worn jacket.

"I suppose you expect to be president of a bootblacking trust some day, my lad?" suggested a kindly old gentleman who observed his industry.

"Ah, g'wan," the youthful wielder of the needle replied. "What yer givin' me?"

"What are you doing that kind of work for?" he was asked.

"'Cause me mudder's out workin' all day, an' she's too tired to do it when night comes," said he.

"That trust idea may pan out yet," observed the old man reflectively as he passed on.—New York Globe.

The Postoffice Clerk's Travels.

There are many unique ways of seeing the world, but an employee at the Kansas City postoffice has about the queerest mode of any. This employee handles a good many thousands of letters and postcards during a day's work, and he has never been known to fail to turn a postcard over and glance at the view portrayed on the reverse side. He does this when busy or slack, whether the "boss" is watching or not.

"It makes my work more than 50 per cent pleasanter," he said the other day, "and the knowledge I get of different parts of the world saves me time in traveling to the four corners of the earth. Besides it is very much cheaper. More than 90 per cent of the views are authentic reproductions of photographs, and anyway I am like the fox that couldn't reach the grapes. I don't like to travel; it makes me sick."—Kansas City Journal.

Felt Need of a Little Exercise.

This may not be the era of frequent miracles, but a couple out on the south side think they have somehow been endowed with a blessing from the gods in the diminutive person of a young Cockney maid of all work whose sincere attitude toward life is wholly that of a born servant.

One day last week she arose about 6 o'clock and cooked and baked and cleaned, delving into closets and pantry with great zeal, working all day long and finishing her dinner dishes about 7:30. Then she went to her room and soon emerged again dressed for the street.

"Going out?" inquired her mistress pleasantly.

"Yes, ma'am," came the quick response. "I am just going out to get a little exercise now."—Kansas City Star.

Blamed It on the Horse.

"Uncle," said little Johnnie, "tell me how you charged with your war horse up the San Juan hill at the head of your troops."

"Well," said the battle scarred veteran, "I mounted the fiery animal, drew my sword from its scabbard, rose in my stirrups, cried 'Forward!' and sunk the spurs deep in the quivering flanks of my gallant steed."

"Yes," exclaimed the boy, breathlessly, "go on, uncle. Tell me the rest of it."

"There isn't any more to tell, Johnnie," said his uncle, with a pensive sigh. "The horse balked."—Chicago Tribune.

A Tribute to Butter.

Many years ago, when Senator Ingalls was in the senate, oleomargarine was the bone of contention. The debate led Ingalls to utter one of those epigrammatic sentences which made him famous. "I have never, to my knowledge," tasted oleomargarine, said Ingalls, "but I have stood in the presence of genuine butter with awe for its strength and reverence for its antiquity."

Wrong Prescription.

"I can't fill this," said the druggist.

"Don't you carry ordinary ingredients in stock?"

"I carry everything usually carried by a first class pharmacy, but this piece of paper calls for a gold watch."—Pittsburgh Post.

The Very Least.

"Ah!" he sighed. "If you only gave me the least possible hope I"—

"Good gracious!" retorted the hard hearted belle. "I've been giving you the least I ever gave to any man!"

Blessed are the happiness makers. Blessed are they who know how to shine on one's gloom with their cheer.—Henry Wood.

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IS IT A FIGHT?

An editorial in United States Senator George T. Oliver's "Pittsburgh Gazette-Times" on Monday, last, has precipitated no end of speculation and discussion in Pennsylvania political circles. Numerous beliefs are expressed as to what the editorial foreshadows. The one most generally accepted, perhaps, is the possible if not probable parting of the ways between Senator Oliver and Senator Penrose and with Governor Tener, as an Oliver ally, reaching out for the Republican State leadership.

Senators Penrose and Oliver have been closely affiliated politically for many years. At Washington they have invariably been found working side by side in support of or opposed to pending legislation. The first inkling of a possible change in these conditions came with the vote in the Senate on the Webb liquor bill. Mr. Penrose and Mr. Oliver voted on opposite sides of the measure. Aside from the question of the merits of the subsequent veto there was some mild surprise that Pennsylvania's two Senators had not stood together, either for or against. On Monday under the caption "Liquor Outlawed," there appeared the following editorial in Senator Oliver's Pittsburgh "Gazette-Times":

> It is to be hoped such members of the legislature of Pennsylvania as have adjusted their conscience and courses so delicately that they are unable to vote on liquor bills against the wishes of the liquor interests will take note of what happened at Washington last Friday and Saturday. When President Taft sent in his veto of the Webb act, which forbids the shipment of intoxicating liquors into "dry" states, there to be used in violation of law, the Senate, by a 3 to 1 vote, immediately passed the measure notwithstanding, and the House on Saturday, by a vote of 2½ to 1, took the same action. Thus the bill becomes a law, and the cause of temperance, and of law and order, scores a noteworthy advance. In the Senate Mr. Penrose, of Pennsylvania voted to sustain the veto and Mr. Oliver voted to override it and for the bill.

President Taft disapproved the act on the ground that it was in conflict with the constitutional provision relating to interstate commerce and protested in his message, against putting the controversy on that point up to the Supreme Court. The issue eventually will go to that tribunal nevertheless, since the opinion of Congress is that it has acted within its legitimate powers. Hence we shall have a test on this question of the most far-reaching importance; and it is not too much to predict that, if the Webb act falls, there will develop a movement for amendment of the Constitution to accomplish what this measure undertakes to do. It is as plain as anything can be—and the legislature of Pennsylvania may as well recognize the truth now as to be compelled to acknowledge it later on—that the people of the United States, as represented by a preponderance of public sentiment, will no longer submit to the domination of the liquor interests. It is this sentiment which is responsible for the Webb act, which, in effect, outlaws liquor. That fate has been invited and provoked by the manufacturer and dealer, whose insistence and persistence, and contempt of all sentiment and authority, have forced the extreme of governmental power.

Do the liquor lobbyists at Harrisburg mean seriously to contend that Pennsylvania is to be dominated indefinitely by their peculiar conceptions of the rights and privileges of "personal liberty?" Surely they must soon come to know and understand.

There are a number of striking coincidences, if coincidences only they be, which are pointed to by those who profess to see in Governor Tener's course a well-defined plan to assume his party's leadership in the State. On the eve of the convening of the Legislature the Governor delivered an address in Philadelphia in which he publicly served notice that he was Governor in fact as well as in name. At about the same time he made himself the dominating factor in the contest for the speakership of the House at Harrisburg. From that day to this his has been the controlling influence concerning and affecting all legislation. From a position of little or no activity in State political affairs he has in a few short months placed himself at the very forefront.

Governor Tener's several moves as outlined had already served to attract attention to him in political circles over the State. With the lime-light centered upoh Harrisburg there now comes Senator Oliver's pointed utterance in calling attention to Senator Penrose's vote against the Webb bill and reminding the liquor interests to go slow at Harrisburg. Senator Oliver will not be a candidate for re-election. He has so informed his friends. His term will expire March 3, 1917. That of Senator Penrose will expire March 3, 1915. It may be that Governor Tener will be put forward by his friends as a candidate for the Penrose toga, although by some it is argued that whether it goes to Penrose or not the vacancy properly belongs to the eastern end of the State, Senator Oliver hailing from the western end.

Taken at any angle desired, it is quite apparent that there is something doing in State political circles. Just which direction things will shape themselves may be revealed before the present Legislature adjourns.

THE CURSE OF RED TAPE.

There is more than passing [illegible] dues in a brief news despatch of a day or two ago announcing that Congress had passed and the President had signed a special pension act for Hiram Ferrier, of DuBois, but that the latter had died before the mails could carry to him the glad tidings. When the country—his country—needed help Ferrier, then in the prime of young manhood, responded without delay. He heard the call for help, just as did thousands of other young men, and went to the front. He enlisted in Company G, 67th Penna, Volunteer Infantry. He served his country faithfully and well. More from him could not have been asked. In the closing years of his life this same man Ferrier, now blind and deaf, and in need of assistance, turned to his country for help. The call for help was heard and answered, but the response came too late to be of any service. While he lay cold in death in his little home, and when he no longer had any use for earthly comforts, came the notice that a liberal pension had been granted him. But it was then too late. His soul had already passed into the Beyond, there to be reviewed and rewarded by the Great Commander of all armies and navies.

It is not that our country is intentionally begrudging in extending a helping hand to old soldiers in the hour that help is most needed. Red tape methods are the curse of our pension system. From the time the pension bill was introduced to help the soldier Ferrier until finally the pension was made a reality, several years had elapsed. Technicalities of one kind or another—red tape methods—caused numerous delays. Senator Penrose, who was trying to help the old soldier, found one obstacle after another confronting him and each serving to deny a little longer the help Ferrier prayed would come before it would be too late. Countless letters had to be written, documents mislaid or lost had to be found, a score of perplexing and confusing official complications had to be straightened out to satisfy the demands of an endless chain of red tape. When the young man Ferrier went to his country's defense it needed but a day for him to go. When his country went to the assistance of the old man Ferrier it required several years of unraveling of red tape. The little bit of money he needed so badly has been saved to the treasury at Washington—saved by red tape.

We have in mind the case of a Civil war veteran in Centre County who for years has been trying to get from his country a pension sufficient to meet his needs now that he is well advanced in years and unable to help himself as he would prefer to do. Red tape stands between him and the help he so well deserves. A former Congressman had charge of his case for several years. Congressman Patton then took it up. He has advised that the Pensions Committee has decided that the claim cannot be allowed because the old soldier happens to have a little farm which is more of a burden than anything else. Red tape stands in the way. The old soldier's splendid record on the battlefield means nothing. His service to his country and for his country means nothing. All that was of many years ago. The red tape that denies him help is of today. It is today and not the past that is made to count.

One cannot but fancy that were the immortal Lincoln who sent out the call for troops only living today there would be a wholesome slashing of red tape in Washington. Meanwhile the old soldiers are rapidly passing away. Each year witnesses the ranks dwindling in numbers. Red tape will not much longer have occasion for depriving battle-scarred veterans the few dollars many of them need. Soon red tape will no longer be feared. But then it will be too late—just as it was too late in the case of the pension for old man Ferrier.

What Is the Answer?

It happened during the construction of one of Kansas City's skyscrapers. The noon whistle blew, and a plasterer, working on the floor above that on which he had left his street clothes, wanted some change from his pocketbook and ordered his tender to go and get it.

The tender paused. "Look hyah, Mistah Jim," he objected, "if somebody has already stole yo' money an' I comes back hyah an' tells you dat it's gone yo' is gwine to say I tuk it."

Although struck by the seeming justice of the objection, the plasterer was impatient. "What's the matter with you?" he ejaculated. "Nobody has stolen my money. You go ahead, and if the money is gone I won't blame you."

The tender departed, to return in a few minutes and stand just inside the door. "Well," said the plasterer pointedly.

The tender shuffled his feet, wide eyed and innocent. "It's jes' like I tole yo', boss, jes' like I tole yo'. Somebody done robbed yo'. Dey wuzn' a cent in dem clothes."—Kansas City Star.

A Quaint Oriental Story.

A recent English traveler in Baluchistan had from a holy man in that country a story about Moses which does not appear in the Scriptures, yet which has its pertinence to this matter of politicians proposing to do away with all the evils of the human lot, says the Century Magazine. The patriarch was sitting in his house very sad, and the Lord said to him, "Prophet Moses, why art thou cast down?" "Alas," said he, "I see so many people sorrowful. Some are unclothed, and some are hungry. I pray thee make all happy and contented." The Lord promised it should be so. But soon Moses was again disconsolate, and once more the Lord asked the cause. "Lord," cried the prophet, "the upper story of my house has fallen down, and nobody will come to mend it; they are all too busy enjoying themselves." "But what am I to do?" "Lord, make the people as they were before!"

Music Among the Negritos.

The music and dancing of the Negritos are especially interesting. Many of them know how to make and to play both the bamboo nose flute and a kind of jewsharp made from bamboo. Some of them use crude stringed instruments fashioned from single joints of bamboo, the strings being cut from the outer layer of wood, to which their ends remain attached, and being raised up by means of bridges. The distribution of the several kinds of musical instruments above mentioned is more or less local, but the bronze tomtom or "ganza" is in universal use, although some Negritos play it with a drumstick, while others beat it with their hands. Many of their dances are pantomimic. Their singing is often weird in the extreme. It would be idle to describe it. Only phonographic records could do it partial justice.—National Geographic Magazine.

Red Cedar For Pencils.

Missouri, particularly the Ozark hills, furnishes the greater part of the wood used in making lead pencils. Though many other varieties have been tried, none has proved as satisfactory as the red cedar. The cedars grow on the rocky hillsides all through the White river district of Missouri. They are small, stunted trees, seldom reaching a diameter of more than a foot at the butt. The logs are either hauled to the railroad and sent to the mill or floated in rafts down the river. At the mill the logs are first cut lengthwise by circular saws into planks. These are cut into right lengths for lead pencils, and those chunks go into the hands of men who with circular saws rip them up into what are called "slats." Only the red heart of the log is used. The white sapwood is thrown away. The slats are bound in bundles and sent to New York, where the greater part are worked up into lead pencils, and the remainder goes to lead pencil factories in Germany and other European countries.—Exchange.

The Perfect Suitor.

"Sir," began the young man, "I desire to ask for the hand of your daughter Belinda in marriage."

The father gave him one quick, searching stare. Then he demanded crisply:

"What is your rating?"

"My share of father's estate was two Broadway blocks."

The father held out his hand.

"Very good. Now go to her mother. Nothing can be settled until"—

"I understand," said the young man, and he went away, thinking profoundly.

"Madam," he began, "I wish to have your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

She looked at him haughtily.

"With a view to an alliance with our house?" she demanded incredulously.

"Yes, madam. I love"—

"One moment, please. Your family"—

"We trace our descent to Isabella de Vermandois."

She put out both hands.—Hartford Post.

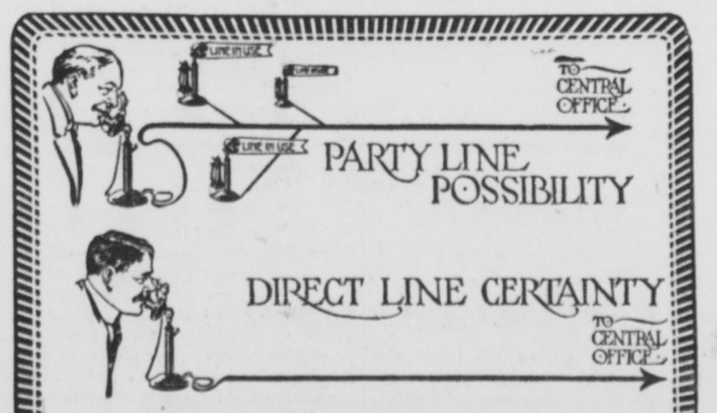
Scotland.

Prior to the year 258, which witnessed its invasion by the Scoti, a tribe who inhabited the northern portions of the country now known as Ireland, Scotland bore the name of Caledonia, literally the hilly country of the Caels, or Gaels. The word cael, or gael, is a corruption of Gadhel, signifying in the native tongue "a hidden rover," while Scot, derived from the native scuite, means practically the same thing—i. e., a wanderer. The Caledonians were the inhabitants of the highlands, the prefix dun expressing the Celtic for hill, fort, stronghold, etc. The Scots were the invaders from Scotia, who appropriated the Hebrides and western islands, whereas the lowlanders were the Picts, so called from their description by the Romans, picti, painted men—"Names and Their Meaning."

Pure Sugar.

Even a chemist, surrounded by all his scientific laboratory equipment, cannot distinguish beet sugar from the cane product. Although derived from different species of plants, the refined product from the juice of the cane and beet is the same in composition, in sweetening power, in dietetic effect, in chemical reaction, in all other respects. Furthermore, if maple sugar were reboiled and passed through the process of refining it would lose its aroma and flavor, which are wholly in the impurities, and the white crystals would be identical with those derived from sugar cane and sugar beets. Pure sugar, whether derived from beet or cane, is as identical as is pure gold whether mined in the Rocky mountains or in the Transvaal.—Argonaut.

Stops itching instantly. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, tetter, itch, hives herpes, scabies—Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.



The Telephone "Right of Way"

There is just this difference between Party Line and Direct Line Telephone Service as applied to your business:

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The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Makes delicious home-baked foods of maximum quality at minimum cost. Makes home baking pleasant and profitable

State Exonerates Pitt.

Who wet Forbes Field at Pittsburgh?

Not Joe Thompson; Pitt said so and now State says so!

Nobody wet Forbes Field.

When State went to Pittsburgh for its annual football game Thanksgiving 1910 and was beaten there was a cry that Forbes Field had been wet. It was claimed this was done by Pitt people for the purpose of slowing up the plays of State. The truth of the matter was Pitt had a light but fast team and desired a fast field as much as State did.

The matter of wetting the field was denied by all connected at Pitt, but the rumor once it started kept going.

In order to quell this unfounded rumor Ray Smith, graduate manager of athletics at State, has sent a letter to Pitt which dispels any suspicion that the State authorities may have in the matter and which also serves to bring the two institutions closer together in athletics. The letter follows:

The Athletic Association of the Pennsylvania State College, Office of Graduate Manager, State College, Pa.

Ferbuary 17, 1913.

Mr. Charles S. Miller, Director of Athletics, University of Pittsburgh, Grant Boulevard, city:

Dear Sir—I have your letter relative to the revival of rumors charging the University of Pittsburgh athletic authorities with watering or othewise tampering with the gridiron at Forbes Field, for the purpose of handicapping Penn State players in our annual football game. I also note your suggestion that I attend an investigation to prove the falsity of these rumors, and that you have a number of prominent men whose evidence would be unimpeachable, who are willing to take oath that the charges are false.

The athletic authorities at Pittsburgh are done a very grave injustice by the circulation of these rumors. I believe that I have been in closer touch with athletic affair with the University of Pittsburgh than any other representative of Penn State, and I can say that there is absolutely no foundation in these stories.

With reference to your suggestion that I attend an investigation to prove the falsity of the rumors, I would say that such action is entirely unnecessary as I have never placed any credence in the report, and have always had the greatest confidence in those who have charge of athletics at the University of Pittsburgh. In the nine years that I have dealt with Pitt our relations have been most pleasant and, for my part, there has always been a feeling of confidence in the fair dealing and good sportsmanship of your athletic authorities.

I will be glad to co-operate with you in any way possible toward a correction of these rumors, and the great injustice done. Very truly yours.

R. M. SMITH.
Graduate Manager of Athletics.

Samuel McGinley Dead.

Samuel McGinley, of Julian, passed away at his home in that place, Wednesday evening, February 19th. Death was due to a complication of diseases, of which he had been suffering for about three months.

He was well known, and loved by all who learned to know him, not only by his many friends at Julian and vicinity, but in and about Tyrone as well, where he was employed at the time he was taken ill, for his noble christian character, and the spiritual life which he lived.

He was always the same, and never seemed quite so happy, as when he could attend a religious service, and take an active part. He died as he lived, trusting and believing in Him, the Savior of the world.

He found great pleasure and comfort in reading the Bible, having read it through, word for word, eighty-six times. He will be sadly missed by not only his family, but the entire neighborhood.

The deceased was born April 1st. 1845, making his age sixty-seven years, ten months, and eighteen days. He was united in marriage with Miss Ellen Sones, who survives him, together with four children, Mrs. William Chandler, and Mrs. Charles Boyer, of Julian, Mrs. Samuel Parsons of Blue Ball, and Irene of Bellefonte. The funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon, February 22nd., at 2 o'clock, from the Methodist Church, conducted by Rev. Gilbert, assisted by Rev. S. M. Johnson. Interment was made in the Julian ce metery.

Bismarck's Stratagem.

While Bismarck was living at Frankfort, early in his career, he was one day at a public table with a friend, when two young ladies who sat opposite began talking to each other in the Lettish language. From their manner it was evident to Bismarck that they were talking about him. It happened that he had once made a visit to Courland, one of the Baltic provinces, and had picked up a few Lettish phrases. When the ladies had talked and laughed for some time he whispered to his companion:

"The moment I say something to you in an unintelligible tongue take a key from your pocket and hand it to me."

The young ladies kept on, and suddenly Bismarck said in an unconcerned tone to his friend:

"Dohd man to aziek."

The second man at once produced a key. The young ladies from Courland looked at their opposite neighbors, then at each other and, blushing violently, rose and left the room.

How White China Was Discovered.

Of many incidences in which an accidental discovery revolutionized a whole industry there is none more striking than that which enabled Samuel Astbury, in 1720, to impart to pottery that white glaze which is its chief beauty. Chancing, while journeying to London, to halt at Banbury, he noticed that one of his horse's eyes was badly inflamed. He consulted the hostler, who flung a redhot flint into a basin of water, thereby easily reducing it to a powder, which he applied to the injured eye. Astbury, who had watched the process, guessed that at length he had solved the problem which had so long perplexed him. He procured a cartload of flints, had them fired and pulverized and, mixing the powder with pipe clay and water, applied it to his ware, which, after the final baking, became white and shining. This invention, which he improved upon by introducing calcined flint into the body of the ware, was soon universally adopted.—Exchange.

His One Meal a Day.

The eccentric Dr. Fordyce, a well known professor of chemistry of the eighteenth century, believed that man required only one meal a day, and for twenty years he practiced what he preached. At 4 he would present himself at Dolly's chophouse in Paternoster row, and immediately upon his arrival the cook would place a pound and a half of rump steak upon the grid iron. While it was cooking the doctor would amuse himself with some such trifle as half a broiled capon or a plate of fish and a glass or two of brandy. Then came the steak, with a full accompaniment of bread and potatoes, and a quart tankard of strong ale. This was followed by a bottle of old port, after which he would stroll to his rooms in Essex street, where he met his class and gave lectures on chemistry.—London Chronicle.

How Careless!

A circus man tells a story illustrating how soft hearted and sympathetic some of the ringmasters are when the acrobats get hurt. The heroine of the story was a girl who did the four horse act, the six horse act, the trapeze and the flying bar, for all of which she received the princely remuneration of $40 a week.

One day she fell forty feet from the trapeze and, landing precipitately and ill advised on her left wrist, broke the bone near the elbow. The ringmaster ran up and sympathized as follows, with certain profane remarks which are here excluded:

"What in thunder do you mean by falling out of that trapeze? I'm a son of a gun if some of you ginks don't try to put a crimp into this show every time we lift the tent!"—Popular Magazine.

Slightly Mixed.

General Adam Badeau told a good story of a visit he once made in London with two friends. They had been invited to a swell reception in the west end, and when they arrived they were met by a flunkey of gigantic stature, with nose high in the air.

"Names, please," he said. And the spokesman replied modestly, "General Badeau, Colonel Grant and Colonel Cook."

With imposing stride the flunkey advanced to the doors, threw them wide open and announced, "General Banjo, Colonel Drunk and the colonel's cook."

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Fred Leathers, J. Will Mayes and Charles E. Pletcher were Bellefonte business visitors on Wednesday.

Lewis Casselberry, of Renovo, was a home visitor over Sunday.

H. T. McDowell, Richard Holmes and Albert Schenck attended the corn fair at State College on Friday.

Walter Holter left on Monday for Juniata, where he has accepted a position with the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. as musician and teacher of the boys Bible class. Walter is an accomplished musician and an exemplary young man and will doubtless fill this important position to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Lewis Wagner, of Clearfield, visited his brothers here this week, his chief concern being his brother William whose health has been failing and does not give much hopes of improvement at present.

Eugene Pletcher came up from Philadelphia for a visit with the home folks over Sunday.

The remains of Samuel Keel, of Storm Lake, Iowa, were brought to this place and taken to Jacksonville for interment last week. Mrs. Keel and her son accompanied the body to its last resting place.

J. H. Wagner and son Paul were Bellefonte visitors on Monday.

The local camp Sons of Veterans will hold a banquet in the public school building on Saturday evening next. All the veterans' wives, sons and daughters and grandsons are invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. William Orr, of Jacksonville, boarded the train here Sunday evening for Washington, D. C., intent upon seeing the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson.

While engaged in a friendly boxing match at Joe Diehl's garage last Friday evening Walter Weber, son of John Weber, had his arm broken. On Tuesday Mr. Weber and his son were in Bellefonte to have an X-ray examination of the fracture.

Mrs. Fannie Leathers and Mrs. W. R. Gardner left Sunday for Warren to attend the funeral of their niece Lillian Shutt.

Weber and Gardner started their saw mill this week on a tract of timber purchased from W. H. Long.

Mrs. Nan McKibben, of Williamsport, is visiting with Mrs. S. I. Reber.

W. S. Carson, of State College, Presbyterian minister for the Lick Run charge, greatly pleased a large audience here on Sunday evening. He is a gifted pulpit orator.

The Ladies Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church have been doing some quilting of late and at present the members are making a pretty quilt for Mrs. Jennie Holmes, widow of the late John Holmes.

Bernard Long has purchased the business stand and trade of Charles Lucas, the restaurant keeper, who has gone to Gallitzen, where he will engage in the same line.

The statement of the First National Bank of Howard shows that institution to be in an excellent condition.

John Lyon, who has been employed at lumbering at Beech Creek for the last two years or more, has returned with his family to Howard and reopened their home there. Their many friends are glad to have them back.

Clayton Gardner has purchased a third tract of timber on the Jerry Ryan farm, formerly the Absolom Tipton farm, and will immediately engage in cutting timber.

Mrs. Emma Decker, of State College, this week visited with her brother, M. L. Beck, at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Snyder, of Niagara Falls, attended the inauguration at Washington and enroute home stopped over to visit with friends in Howard. Mr. Snyder was formerly one of Centre County's foremost teachers. It will be recalled that he left Howard some 12 or 15 years ago.

D. T. Allison, the well known cattle dealer, has been quite busy of late buying and exchanging stock.

Curt Fox, the Osborne agent, has been on the jump for some time, urging upon the farmers the merits of his machines.

Edward Green, the miller who is in the employ of W. H. Long, this week sold his home here to Jacob Ritzman, of this place.

Port Matilda.

Miss Ida Turner went to Osceola last Friday evening and came back Saturday, bringing with her a little niece, Mabel Cowher.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Williams, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Mrs. Elizabeth Lytle.

Miss Ruth Cowher made a business trip to Tyrone Saturday.

Mrs. Benner Turner spent Sunday at Martha with her aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Williams, who have been quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Howard Ake and children, of Altoona, were Sunday visitors at the home of S. S. Miles. Mrs. Ake expects to spend the remainder of the week in town.

Mrs. J. M. Graham, of Newton Hamilton, visited at home for a few days last week.

Russell Jones, of Gary, Ind., grandson of Mrs. Henrietta Jones, was in town for a short time last week, having come for the funeral of Gibson McAfee, of Stormstown.

Mrs. Dr. Harshberger is visiting in Philipsburg.

Calvin Jones, of Philipsburg, was a caller in town last week.

A. P. Woodring, of Osceola, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Woodring, recently.

Mrs. Etta Thompson, of Philipsburg, is spending some time at Dr. Harshberger's.

Miss Ethel Crain left last Thursday for Philipsburg, to make a two weeks' visit.

The chicken and waffle supper held by the High School Saturday night was a great success. Since this will be the first year that Commencement exercises have ever been held, everyone is doubly interested and hope for the greatest success. Good for 1913!

A lecture will be held in the Methodist Episcopal church, Friday evening, March 7th, by J. H. Zinn. The subject will be "Prison Life" and should be of interest to all, especially students. Admission 10 and 20 cents.

John W. Williams and Paul Weaver were hastily called to Tyrone last week to see their mother, Mrs. Thomas Weaver, who was very ill and is not much improved at this writing.

Sunday visitors at Gilbert Eller's were Eugene Dayton, of Vail, and Miss Ruth Lego, of Dix.

Merrill B. Williams, of Tyrone, spent Saturday with the home people.

Unionville.

Billie Bruss is erecting a new house. We hear it is to be of brick. Billie is coming right out.

Daniel Hall is digging trenches to build a foundation for a stable on his new lot.

I think it would be advisable for some of our people to erect new houses to rent. As the case now stands there will hardly enough houses to supply the demands.

If we want our little town to populate we must provide shelter.

The junior choir rendered some very inspiring and appropriate music on last Sunday evening.

Miss Eloise Buck returned home on last Friday from a short visit to her sister, Mrs. Alice Bosworth, at Buffalo, N. Y.

The Free Methodists have begun their protracted meeting in Bush hollow.

Joe Bruggar is laying in an ample supply of wood for next summer. I guess Joe thinks the seasons are going to transpose.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours Used by mothers for 22 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, A S Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Blanchard.

Mrs. Joseph Kunes last week underwent an operation in the Lock Haven hospital.

George and Thomas Hazel and Henry C Quigley, of Bellefonte, were among those in attendance upon the funeral here last week of the late George W. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Albert Bitner last Thursday and Friday had the pleasure of entertaining their son, Charles Bitner, who is a P. & E. operator in Lock Haven.

It is a matter of no little gratification to find the State roads which were resurfaced last summer have come through the winter in such fine shape, this despite the hard traffic. It is a fine feather in the cap of the supervisor, W. H. Austin.

There is considerable speculation here over the intentions of Jacob Basinger for conducting the Beech Creek hotel, for which a liquor license was granted by Judge Hall some weeks ago. The hotel proper has been closed about four months and the rumor is generally believed that Mr. Basinger's wife prefers that they not locate at Beech Creek. The fact that since Judge Hall granted the license nothing has been done toward repairing the hotel has naturally excited no little curiosity and it would not surprise some persons should Mr. Basinger fail to open a bar on April 1st. His license would ordinarily be lifted by him before that date and the hotel fixed up for the accommodation of travelers were it his intention to start business at an early date.

Roland Smith, a son of Charles P. Smith, is in the Lock Haven hospital, suffering from pneumonia. He was cooking in a boarding house for the Pennsylvania Fire Brick Co., at Ford Run, near Winburne, when he was taken ill. It was realized that his condition was serious and a physician was summoned. The trouble was found to be pneumonia and it was decided to remove him to the Lock Haven hospital. He was accordingly taken in a dinky engine to the N. Y. C. siding on Monday and placed on an east bound passenger train, which was stopped for the purpose at that point. Since being taken to the hospital he has been slowly improving and his recovery is assured unless unforseen complications develop.

Mt. Eagle.

The Deitz brothers, who recently visited at Cumberland, Md., have returned home and report a fine trip.

The contractors have been having a hard time digging out the subway. They have had to use dynamite to break up the top.

Mrs. Will Bitner, at her home across the creek, last Thursday had a nice little quilting bee. Those present included Mrs Mollie Leathers, Mrs. John Leathers, Mrs. Austin Bathurst and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant.

The railroad company crew spent several days getting ready to change the old track on Monday over the new subway.

Miss Myrtle Robinson, who had been living at Curtin, spent Sunday at her home here, departing that evening for State College.

The Robinson Bros. have been busy shipping mine props to the soft coal region.

Rev. Mr. Dunning was at Kennedy on Sunday afternoon to fill his last appointment, but it was so cold and windy that but few persons were on hand for the service.

Races of Mankind.

The races of mankind are five in number—white, yellow, brown, red and black, or the Caucasian, Mongolian, Malayan, Indian and negro. The interrelationships of these different breeds have been the subject of study with the specialists for ages, but the disputes are as numerous as they were when the study began. Whether the various races sprang from some one original race and if so what that original race was, is a question that is still in limbo. Between these five races, as found at present, there are physical, moral and mental differences so marked as to seem to preclude a common origin and yet, unless such origin is assumed, the difficulty of the case is greatly enhanced. Race origins are an unsolved problem.—New York American.

Rainbows That Can Change Sex.

In many parts of the world it is the general belief that the rainbow has the power to change sex. This queer belief obtains in such widely separated districts as South Africa and Norway and China and Australia. The Zulus have a long folklore story of the young man who was changed into a wrinkled old woman by touching the many hued arch. The Scandinavian peasants have a similar story, and in Greece they say that anybody who runs against the end of the rainbow will have his or her sex instantly changed. In France and India to pass under the rainbow has a similar effect.

Well Trained.

Old Lady (improving the occasion)—Ah, my poor man, you would not be in this position if you had received an early training in some trade or calling. Tramp—Don't you tork too sudden about wot you don't know nothin' about, missus. No trainin', indeed! W'y, I was in prison afore I was fourteen.—London Mail.

Made His Hair Come Out.

Habitual Customer (to his barber)—Your confounded hair restorer has made my hair come off more than ever! Barber—Ah, you must 'ave put too much on, sir! Made the 'air come right out, 'stead of only 'arfway.—Windsor Magazine.

A Free Thinker.

Tommy—Pop, what is a free thinker? Tommy's Pop—A free thinker, my son, is any man who isn't married.—Philadelphia Record.

Death Through a Tarantula.

One of the quickest and most complete and justifiable killings that ever I saw came about through a tarantula. It was at a mine camp in the old days, and the camp bully had a tarantula impaled on a stick. A man newly arrived from the east stood gazing, fascinated with horror, at the squirming reptile, working its black fangs in the effort to reach something that it could fasten them into. Suddenly, without warning, the bully thrust the tarantula straight into the tenderfoot's face. His whiskers saved him from the fangs, but he let out a yell as if he had actually been bitten and jumped back, I fully believe, ten feet. Then, as the fellow came poking the tarantula toward him again, the tenderfoot drew his revolver and turned loose on his tormentor. His first shot would have been enough, as it went straight through the fellow's body, but the tenderfoot had his excitement to work off, and he never stopped shooting until his revolver had been emptied and the man with the tarantula was a sieve. "Served him right," was the verdict of the coroner's jury, and the case never went to court for trial.

Why Chinese Shops Are Small.

The average Chinese shop of any kind in Tientsin and Peking is a one story building without doors or windows to the street. The entire front is closed by shutters at night. In the day time the shutters are removed. These shops are fourteen to sixteen feet wide on the street, and the room is not deeper than this. Three or four feet back from the front a counter runs, behind which there is shelving. The storerooms are not deeper because of the peculiar arrangement of Chinese houses. The typical Chinese house is only one story in height and is built on all four sides of a square courtyard. If more room is needed there is a second courtyard in the rear with a communicating door, and so on. The yamens or official residences of the various Chinese officials of Tientsin are all erected in this way—one courtyard after another surrounded by buildings all opening into the court.

Opals and Ill Luck.

Many people regard the opal as an omen of ill luck, and the following will show how this superstition arose. Two or three centuries ago the stone was very popular in Europe, and the jewelers of Italy were especially cunning in its setting. At the height of its popularity came the plague which wrought great havoc in Venice. It was noticed by some observant persons in that city that when a victim was on the point of death his opal, if he wore one, brightened, while after death it became dull. The reason of this was the heightened fever made the stone become hot, and consequently very brilliant, while after death the chill and damp of the body dulled it. It was however declared by many that it brought death and misfortune to their door, and as this superstition spread the sale of opals decreased, and to this day people believe that the beautiful stone brings ill luck.

Scot Free.

The expression "scot free," which is in use every day, harks back to the times of Scottish romance and tragedy so luminously described by Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary" and "Rob Roy." In these stirring tales we are told of one form of Scottish trials given certain offenders of justice. He who had broken the law was divested of all of his clothing and placed at a certain distance from archers who had bows and arrows ready, waiting the command, "Fire!" When the command was given the man under indictment would begin running and the archers would commence firing, and if in running this gantlet none of the arrows hit him he was allowed to go scot free.

An Unusual Request.

A large, determined looking woman, undeniably from the country, entered the elevator in a well known New York dry goods establishment. She was carried up and down the elevator several trips, but showed no disposition to get out at any department.

Finally the man in charge ventured to address her:

"Where do wish to go madam?"

"Let me out as near Madison Square Garden as ye can," came the unexpected response.—Delineator.

Not Well Posted.

She—There's always a crowd round the dear old professor. He's such a wonderful conversationalist. He—Lor'! You really think so? I tried him just now on every possible topic—hounds, bridge, golf, music halls, everything, and he was simply useless.—London Punch.

She Had a Substitute.

Influential Member—I am glad to notice, doctor, that your wife never turns her head to see who comes into church late on Sunday morning. The Rev. Dr. Goodman—No, but she makes me tell her all about them after we go home.—Chicago Tribune.

Conserving Energy.

If one half the world could be prevented from prying into the business of the other half the greatest problem in conservation of energy would be solved.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Brute.

Mother-in-law—Has the young man who saved my life yesterday called upon you yet? Son-in-Law—Yes, indeed. He has already made his apologies.—Fliegende Blatter.

A gentle hand may lead the elephant with a hair.—Persian.

Don't Wait Until Spring!

We are gratified to be able to offer you a thoroughly efficient blood remedy for the ridiculously low price of

ONE CENT A DOSE

We have sold it for 25 years with the satisfaction of our customers—It is called

"Green's Sarsaparilla Compound"

It is composed of the best known vegetable blood purifiers combined with "Iodide of Potash" and "Iodide of Iron"—If your blood is out of order try it. It does the work—Price $1.00.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Mrs. John Miller Dead.

Mrs. Sallie R. Miller, wife of John Miller, died on Thursday afternoon, last, about 4.30 o'clock, at the Bellefonte hospital, following an operation for the removal of gall stones. Her death is especially sad, since she leaves not only a grief-stricken husband but also five motherless little children. Funeral services were held on Monday from the late home of the deceased on East Howard Street, Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum officiating.

Before her marriage Mrs. Miller was Miss Sallie R. Knapp. She was a daughter of William and Mary Knapp and was born at Hublersburg October 13, 1878, making her age not quite 35 years. She was a life-long and active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was married to Mr. Miller on July 8, 1899, and to this union these children survive: Charles, Myra, Louise, Anna and Merrill. Surviving are these brothers and sisters: Merrill Charles and Russell Knapp, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. Lillie Peters, of Rochester, N. Y.

FOR THE FARM

Spraying time is almost here. Are you going to spray. It will give you good returns. We have **Small** and **Barrel Sprayers**, also spray material.

Or you may have in mind a manure spreader. We represent the **New Idea Manure Spreader.** You can try one and know it is the best before you settle for it. We sell the **Wiard Plow,** both walking and reversible sulkey plows.

Spring and Spike-tooth **Harrows** and Evans two-row **Corn Planters,** with double disks, furrow openers and fertilizer attachments complete, also single disk harrows and land rollers, grain drills and metal hog and poultry troughs

A full line of poultry grit, flax seed meal and farm seeds. **Brookville Wagons,** all sizes. **Gasoline Engines.** Nova Scotia land plaster, nitrate of soda, potash and fertilizers carried in stock. In fact—everything for the farm. Just now we have

A FEW BARGAINS

Are you looking for bargains? Come in and look us over. It may be to your interest.

JOHN G. DUBBS,

BELLEFONTE - - - PA.

Penny-A-Word Column.

FOR RENT—Farm. Inquire of James I. Thompson, Lemont, Pa.

LOST—3 shoats; 2 marked with slit in ear. Inqure J. M. Lykens, Benore, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE—Single house and lot on WillowBank Street. Inquire MRS. S. E. SATERFIELD, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT—One and one-fourth miles West of Unionville, on along Tyrone Road. Inquire of B. W. Shipley, Fleming, Pa. 1-9-4t.

FOR RENT—One good house. Three offices, steam heated in Exchange Building. Storage rooms.

F. W. CRIDER.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free packages Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good pay. All or spare time. No money needed. Department P. 7, 3422 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Black mare, six years old; weight about 900; drive single or double; good under saddle.

T. F. LONS,
Bellefonte, R. F. D. No. 2.

LOOK!

HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACHINERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasoline engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.

Opposite Big Spring

Commercial Phone—Bell Phone, 2075.
Bellefonte, - - - - Pa.

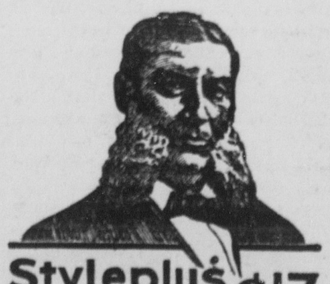
Lower Prices When Everything is Going Up

During recent years the cost of living has been going up, which is the same as saying that values have been going down.

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES are the triumph of the makers in reducing manufacting cost to the very lowest figure consistent with good clothes.

Due to scientific methods you can now buy this special suit made of all-wool fabrics, carefully cut and tailored, for the low price of **$17.** The values are equal in every way to those found in ordinary clothes ranging around **$20** to **$25.** The makers made a wise move. They are selling thousands of suits and their total profits are abundant.

Now is a good time to save several dollars on your Spring clothes. You can spend the money saved to good advantage upon your family or upon yourself.



Styleplus Clothes $17

CLASTER'S

BELLEFONTE - - - - - - - PA.

DREER'S Seeds Plants Bulbs

The seeds you sow make your garden a success—or a failure.

With Dreer's Dependable Seeds you are assured of success, because they are the result of seventy-five years of experimenting and testing by experts. Only what experience has proved to be the *best* are offered.

Dreer's Diamond Jubilee Garden Book for 1913 contains cultural articles written by experts. It lists every dependable flower and vegetable, has 288 pages with photo-reproductions on every page, four beautiful color plates and six duotone plates.

write for a Copy—free

Henry A. Dreer 714 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Spring Cleaning-up Time Almost Here.

"The days are lenghening and the sun is strengthening" giving us notice that spring time is once more approaching, when the earth will abandon its dull gray garb and appear in the brightest green, dotted here and there with crocuses, cowslips and other early spring flowers, like gems, in the rich emerald setting. But much of the dross of winter will remain and with it there will be much rubbish accumulated during the winter, which if left lying about will detract much from the charms that spring time brings us so lavishly.

Our spring time that means cleaning up time in order that we may have everything look its very best for the enjoyment of everybody. Although much of this work is men's work, to our women seems to have fallen the duty of taking the lead in it. Their annual spring housecleaning time has prompted them to this and in recent years organized effort in the form of civic clubs has wrought wonders, not only in beautifying the lawns in the finer residence sections of cities and smaller towns, but also in cleaning up alleys and unoccupied lots, getting rid of disease breeding pools and marshes, and changing into charming beauty sloping hillsides, banks of streams and other natural scenery.

An example of this kind of work is fully explained in Today's Magazine for the Home for March in an article on Spring Cleaning at Wichita, Kansas. This city is located on a turn of the Arkansas river and a few years ago its appearance was not inviting as the city "looked as though the majority of the people had moved to the scrap heap." Now it is claimed that the entire state has not a more beautiful town than Wichita. And all this was brought about by one of the women's clubs of the city originating the idea three years ago of having a general cleaning up day. The new idea naturally created some talk and most of it was against the movement. One of the bravest of the club women went to one of the most prominent and progressive men of the place and presented the scheme asking for his aid and encouragement. He listened courteously but replied that he considered it the most absurd idea he ever heard of. This, however, did not dampen their ardor, but they realized that they must go about their work in such a way that people will not feel that they are being told what to do about their own homes. They succeeded in getting the support of the newspapers, and then merchants fell into line and just before the appointed clean-up day, which was the 1st of May, came, hardware men advertised hoes, rakes, wheelbarrows, sprinkling cans, lawn mowers and other clean up implements at half price, seed houses offered lawn grass seeds, flower seeds, bulbs, etc., at reduced rates, department stores and groceries offered bargain prices in soap, scouring preparations, porch chairs, hammocks, and other goods that help to brighten and add to the attractions of the home.

By judicious organized effort this condition of affairs enabled the leaders to get the people in general to take a lively interest in the work and such a wonderful change was wrought that cleaning up day was at once firmly established and Wichita no longer presents junk heaps galore, but has charming views wherever you go.

And other cities and towns can be made equally beautiful and attractive.

Morgan Doesn't Own Egypt.

A good story concerning J. Pierpont Morgan's visit to Luxor is now going the rounds of Cairo, Egypt. Morgan drove out with his party to view the temple at Karnak, and as he was not feeling well he wanted to drive around, but the native official in charge declined to allow him to do so. He then sent his secretary in search of the Government inspector, and this official expressed regret, but said he could not grant permission.

"Not even the Khedive could drive around," he said. "Only the other day we had to refuse similar permission to some Russian princes."

"But I can't walk around, as I am unwell," protested the financier.

"But you can be carried around," was the reply; "there are plenty of carrying chairs for invalids and there is no objection to that."

Here Mr. Morgan's secretary intervened and said there was one very great objection.

If Mr. Morgan were to be carried around the news would be telegraphed to America. It would be said he is too ill to use his legs, and there would be a great financial crisis.

But even that threat did not win the required permission, and Mr. Morgan had for once to retire defeated.

Hanged Himself in Barn.

The funeral of William Reeder, who committed suicide by hanging in the barn on his farm a mile west of Hughesville last week, was held Friday from the home of his sister, Mrs. J. A. S. Ball in Hughesville. Ill health and grief over the death of his brother drove Mr. Reeder who was a wealthy farmer to the deed. He had been ill for several weeks.

Mr. Reeder was unmarried. On Monday afternoon shortly before 4 o'clock Howard Corson, a neighbor, called at the Reeder home. Mr. Reeder had gone to the barn some time before and Mrs. Koch, the housekeeper, sent the visitor to the building. Corson found Reeder's body swinging from the end of a rope above the barn floor. Corson cut the body down and Dr. G. W. Metzger was called from Hughesville. Life was extinct, however. Mr. Reeder had removed a harpoon hayfork from the rope and stringing the latter over a beam fastened a noose in it.

Falling Tree Killed Farmer.

Joseph Rowser, a prominent farmer and Civil war veteran, of New Paris, Bedford county, was instantly killed last Friday by being struck on the head by a falling tree which was cut by some woodsmen who were engaged to cut timber for a new dwelling. The tree in falling split, and one of the limbs struck Mr. Rowzer on the head with sufficient force to break his neck and crush his skull, besides breaking several ribs.

Lands Nice Appointment.

Toner A. Hagg, of Milesburg, was last week notified of his appointment as a stream inspector for the State Department of Health at Harrisburg. He assumed his new duties on Monday. He has been assigned to inspection of means in the western end of the State. His appointment is gratifying to his friends.

Wanted.

In car load lots one million fee white pine in 4 quarter, 5 quarter quarter, and thicker. Address,

LUMBERMAN
1-27-14t. Lock Haven, Pa.

Senator Alexander's Record.

Senator Joseph Alexander of Clearfield, author of the bill for the ceremonies incidental to the removal of the battle flags from the State Museum to the rotunda of the Capitol at Harrisburg, has one of the finest war records of anyone in the Legislature, says the Harrisburg Telegraph. He is keenly interested in the proposed transfer, as the flag of his own regiment, the Bucktails, is in the number.

Mr. Alexander enlisted in the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Infantry in 1862 and was in service until the end of the war, when he was not in rebel prisons. He was in more battles than he can remember and at Gettysburg was shot and captured by Lee's army, which carried him off to the South on its retreat. When he got ou of prison he went back to fighting and was in the thick of things to the finish of Appomattox.

No legislator in the upper house is in a better position to present and urge the bill than the senator from Clearfield.

Published License Signers.

Williamsport and Jersey Shore are experiencing the same sensation as that which agitated Philipsburg several weeks ago in the publication of advertisements containing the names of all signers to applications for liquor licenses. At Jersey Shore the names were made public by means of an Ohio newspaper, secured by the local W. C. T. U. In Williamsport the names were published in advertisements in local newspapers at the instance of tha W. C. T. U. of that city.

Band Not a Funeral Item.

Judge Charles D. Copeland, in the Cambria County Orphans' Court decided that a brass band is not a necessary part of a man's funeral expenses, and decreed that a band employed by friends of Steve Jurico of Monessen should go unpaid, so far as taking the money out of the estate was concerned. Judge Copeland remarked that Jurico's widow and child were more in need of the money than was the band. The funeral, planned by fellow lodge men, was elaborate.

How Local Option Fared.

The local option vote in three sessions of the Legislature shows some curious things. This is the way it goes:

1909, 66 for and 137 against.
1911, 76 for and 121 against
1913, 83 for and 121 against.

There has been a steady gain for the bill, while in two sessions the opposing strength has stood still.

Company Granted Charter.

A charter was last Thursday granted at Harrisburg to the Bellefonte Engineering Company, capitol $50,000. This is the company which recently took over the old Lingle foundry.

Juniata County "Dry."

Judge Seibert, of Juniata County, last week refused all applications for liquor licenses in that county. Judge Seibert is a brother of Dr. J. L. Seibert, of Bellefonte.

Clearfield Licenses Granted.

Judge Smith has granted all the license applications in Clearfield county except that of Lewis Zeigler, of Brady township, who was a new applicant.

Stops itching instantly. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, tetter, itch, hives herpes, scabies—Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

Arab Haggling.

Alan Ostler in "The Arabs In Tripoli" comments on the amusing haggling scenes in the desert plunder market when loot of war was the merchandise.

"Why do you not sell at a set price to all alike?" he asked a merchant. "But why?" said he. "If I can get but half a grush the more from one of them than from another, is it not gain?" "But that wastes time, for while you bargain with one you might have sold to three. They say with us, Time is money." "Oh, folly," he retorted scornfully. "Time is God's and given freely to all men, so that all have it alike. But with the flus one has much, another none, and you must take what you can get."

To haggle with any one is a joy to the Arab. But mutual trust he lacks. "I have known two men," says Mr. Ostler, "farm partners, walk eight miles to a market with three scrawny hens to sell. Both must needs go, for neither would trust the other not to cheat him."

The Speed of Animals.

According to naturalists, no animal is known to have exceeded the speed attained by the famous race horse Sysonby. Instantaneous photographs show the full length of one complete stride as about twenty-six feet. In the stride of the fastest racers the hind quarters and the limbs are raised considerably higher than the shoulders and from this relatively great height brought downward and forward, widely separated from each other, as a sportsman says, "to avoid striking the fore legs." The hare which is hunted with fast hounds has not in reality the speed of the dog. The dog, on the other hand, does not attain the speed of the horse. The giraffe is said to run at the rate of fifteen meters (yards) per second under the most favorable conditions. The elephant, going at the rate of two yards a second, carries a weight approximating that carried by six horses.—Harper's.

An Interested Listener.

Mark Twain one rainy day found himself in a room in his club which contained only one other occupant. The two men drifted into conversation. Mark began a discussion on the merits of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," and made brilliant deductions as to the character and personality of the writer of "Tess," from what he called the internal evidence of the story. His listener at times mildly dissented, but on the whole maintained an attitude of impassivity.

When "Tess" had been labeled only passable, Mark Twain's chance acquaintance excused himself and departed. Calling the smoke room attendant Mark Twain asked him whom he had been conversing with.

"That's Mr. Thomas Hardy, sir!" replied the steward impressively.

The Dread of Death.

Granted that it is the will of God that we shall remain on earth and live our appointed lives there, it is essential that mankind should feel the dread of death. Without that dread the world could hardly remain peopled. The dread of death is to the soul what the law of gravity is to the body. It anchors us to the earth. Without that dread to weigh us down and keep us to the globe half mankind would be driven by curiosity, by the love of change, by the dread of ennui, by what Bacon calls "niceness and satiety," to push open the closed door and see what is beyond. Children and a few very happy and easily pleased people might perhaps say they would not explore farther and that they were perfectly content with things as they are.—St James' Gazette.

To Calculate Longevity.

"Bacon took a deep interest in longevity and its earmarks," said a physician, "and Bacon's signs of long life and of short life are as true today as they ever were. You won't live long, Bacon pointed out, if you have soft fine hair, a fine skin, quick growth, large head, early corpulence, short neck, small mouth, brittle and separated teeth and fat ears. Your life, barring accidents, will be very lengthy if you have slow growth, coarse hair, a rough skin, deep wrinkles in the forehead, firm flesh, a large mouth, wide nostrils, strong teeth set close together and a hard, gristly ear."

Obligation Both Ways.

"Some of those pictures are genuine old masters," said Mr. Cumrox.

"Of course you are very proud to have them."

"Yes, and I have no doubt the old masters would have considerable respect for me if they knew what I paid for them."—Washington Star.

A Social Catastrophe.

"Was no one injured in the railway collision, count?"

"No, but nevertheless it was a most painful situation. First, second, third and fourth class passengers all mingled together. Simply unheard of!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Not an Expert Opinion.

"He has just returned from Mexico. He says a Mexican burro is the most aggravatingly stubborn thing on earth."

"He isn't married."—Houston Post.

A Helping Hand.

"Why are you removing all the rocking chairs?"

"Pa has sworn off on swearing, and we want to do all we can to help him."—Detroit Free Press.

Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.—Proverbs.

Hedgehogs as Housecleaners.

Maine woodsmen, when in camp during the winter, entertain many strange guests—bluejays, chickadees, wood mice and hedgehogs among them, says a writer in the New York Sun. One woodsman, it appears, on leaving camp on a Saturday afternoon used to neglect, purposely, to close the door of his shack in order that the hedgehogs might enter and clean his floor. Inasmuch as the principal constituents of the camp menu are pork and beans, bacon and other dishes rich in fat, considerable grease is spilled upon the floor in the course of a week, and a hedgehog will risk his neck at any time for a bit of fat. Just as soon, therefore, as this particular camp was deserted by its occupants, the spiny gluttons would hasten in and begin to plane off the surface of the floor with their chisel shaped teeth, eating away all the wood that held a trace of grease. On his return to camp the owner could sweep up and enjoy the comforts of a clean house for another week. The only serious objection to this method of housecleaning lay in the fact that it was necessary to lay a new camp floor rather frequently.

A Lucky Error.

"Printers' errors are usually annoying, but a printer's error saved the life of my best friend." The speaker was Cosmo Hamilton, the English writer. He continued:

"Horace Hamfat is an actor. Rich today, he was poor and a failure up to the age of forty. His life up to that age was passed in the provinces on two or three quid a week. A quid, by the way, is $5. Well, one Saturday in Manchester Horace Hamfat's show went up, the manager fled, and Horace for three days lived on bread and dripping. Then a letter came to him from a London admirer inclosing £10.

"The admirer forwarded also an item from a theatrical page that Horace himself had written—'Horace Hamfat is starring in Manchester.' But the typesetter had made this item read truly enough:

"'Horace Hamfat is starving in Manchester.'"—New York Press.

A Fortunate Dream.

In 1720 a terrible epidemic of cholera decimated Marseilles and Provence, and Sardinia owed its escape to a dream. At this period the viceroy of Sardinia dreamed that the disease had invaded Sardinia and that the ravages were frightful. When the viceroy awoke he was deeply impressed by his dream. A little later a merchantman put in its appearance at Cagliari, the capital, and demanded a place to berth. The Sardinian refused, and when it was hinted that the merchantman wanted to land some sick the viceroy threatened to train the guns of the fort upon the vessel if the captain did not instantly depart. The people of Cagliari thought that the viceroy was mad, but great was their joy later when they learned that this very ship, which went on to Marseilles, was responsible for introducing cholera into the famous port.

Stage Fright.

Some alleged wise man across the water says he can eliminate stage fright with a simple operation.

He doesn't tell us what the operation is. He says it's simple. So is the operation of the guillotine. And nothing could be more effective.

But do we want stage fright eliminated? Do we want to encourage brazen mouthers and defiant orators? Suppose all men were hardened and fearless after dinner speakers—where would we get the listeners?

If a lot of so called actors should be frightened off the stage and a host of after dinner talkers could be scared stiff, wouldn't it be better for art and humanity?

Eliminate stage fright?

Certainly not.

Let's have more of it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Siberian Railway Fares.

In the matter of fares the Transsiberian puts all other railways to shame. For first class the charges are about two-thirds of a penny per mile, second (only a little inferior) less than a half penny for the same distance, while if you care to risk a third class journey you get your four miles for a penny. Even this is the height of extortion when compared with the emigrant rate. This works out at something like a shilling for a hundred miles, and if the emigrant does not possess the shilling the government will lend it him.—London Mail.

Taking No Chances.

At a domestic economy lesson, the Northern Christian Advocate reports, little Emily was asked to state briefly the best way to keep milk from souring.

Her answer was certainly brief and to the point. It ran, "You should leave it in the cow."

Fractions.

Lodger—My brother is coming on a visit; have you a couple of spare cots? Landlady—A couple! Is he so big as all that? Lodger—No, but, you see, the fact is he really consists of two half brothers.—Boston Transcript.

The Indicator.

Elsie—After I wash my face I look in the mirror and see if it's clean. Don't you? Bobby—Don't have to look at the towel.—Boston Transcript.

Co-operative.

Banker (to the new cashier)—Say, if ever you are seized with the desire to run off with the cash let me know. I'll go with you.—Fliegende Blatter.

To do easily what is difficult for others is the mark of talent.—Amiel

Boquet for Al. Garman.

The Tyrone "Herald" tosses this boquet to the New Garman House, at Tyrone, built by Al. S. Garman, formerly of Bellefonte:

"The patrons of the New Garman House are certainly pleased with the manner in which they are being looked after by the management. Already many of the rooms are occupied. Every morning a box of Colgate's cashmere boquet talcum powder, a cake of Colgate's highly perfumed toilet soap and a tube of Colgate's ribbon dental cream is placed on every wash stand. The above is one of the many pleasing features of the new hotel that go to help make a hostelry such as the Garman House, a place sought after by the traveling public."

District Attorney D. Paul Fortney was a business visitor to Camden, N. J., on Friday of last week.

To The Ladies!

Mrs. Bertha Rupp is having a Complete Line of Famous and Perfect Fitting, for all figures,

CORSET

and will be glad to have the ladies call and be fitted.

Prices $1.00 and Upward

Mrs. Bertha Rupp
426 East College Avenue,
STATE COLLEGE, - PENNA.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

The Main Thing About
FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred Accident Insurance company o New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa.

Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Are You Happy?

If you are it is safe to say that you enjoy good health, as it is impossible to be happy unless you are well. Noted physicians will tell you that bad stomachs and torpid livers are the cause of 95 per cent of all diseases.

For the past 42 years SEVEN BARKS has proved to be the unequalled remedy for all STOMACH, LIVER and KIDNEY troubles, and the greatest tonic and blood purifier known. It makes your digestion what it should be and keeps your entire system in good condition. Price of SEVEN BARKS is but 50 cents a bottle at all druggists. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address

LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

Increase Your Crops
Use Central Pennsylvania Lime!

Some Farmers have actually doubled their crops by the use of "H. O."

Drill it for quick results, if you are not Getting Results use "H. O." Lime.

We are the Largest Manufactures of LIME in Pennsylvania Ground Limestone and Lime for all purposes. Write for literature on Lime.

Works at Frankstown, Spring Meadows, Bellefonte, Tyrone Forge, and Union Station.

American Lime & Stone Company.

Write for Literature on Lime. Office:—TYRONE, PA.

Like A Plant in The Spring

your money grows when placed in a wideawake, progressive bank like this. The man who never saves a cent has a hard lot in prospect when his earning ability has gone. Leave your dimes and dollars with us and see them grow at three per cent. interest.

Bellefonte Trust Company.

Allegheny Street, - - - Bellefonte, Pa.

Veterans Free to Gettysburg.

Both branches of the Legislature at Harrisburg have agreed to the conference committee report on the resolution providing for transportation of veterans to the battlefield of Gettysburg during the celebration of the semi-centennial next July. It now provides that men who enlisted from Pennsylvania or veterans who are now living in this state shall be transported and maintained, while those who enlisted from Pennsylvania regiments and who are living outside of the state shall be given transportation to and from Gettysburg and the state line.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, a single dose of Doan's Regulets is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask you druggist for them.

Read "The Republican" one dollar n advance.

Hiking it to California.

S. F. Albe, who said his home was in Elmira, N. Y., passed through Bellefonte last week enroute to San Farncisco. He is making the trip on foot and said he averages 28 miles per day. The trip will cover 5000 miles and must be completed by August 14, if Mr. Albe is to win a wager. He carries a load of 35 pounds and is not allowed to spend a cent on the way. While in Bellefonte he stated that at most places he visits he has secured first class hotel accommodations without charge.

Woman Must Hang.

Judges Sulzberger, Audenreid and Carr in a decision handed down in Philadelphia last Friday, refused to grant a new trial for Mrs. Freida Hurtman Trost, convicted of poisoning her husband, last August. The woman has been sentenced to be hanged on a date to be set by Governor Tener.

A German Fairy Tale.

As the cobbler stepped into his shop his scold of a wife started to lecture him unmercifully for coming in late.

"Be quiet, Zenobia," said he affably. "Today I have had a great stroke of luck. Coming home, I met a fairy who had lost her way. I put her on the right track, and out of gratitude she presented me with this pair of slippers. Whoever puts on the left one becomes invisible. Then if you put on the right one you reappear. You will see that this present is very valuable, because we will be able to make lots of money with it."

Zenobia became still and stood overcome with curiosity in front of her husband.

"Come," said he; "let us try it once."

She slipped on the left slipper and positively in the same instant vanished away.

"It is really true!" said the cobbler, astonished. "She is gone!"

Then he took the right slipper, went out of the house and threw it in the deepest well.—Fliegende Blatter.

Munich Royalty Is Modest.

As far as meeting royalty is concerned, Munich is a great contrast to Berlin. It is impossible to stay long in the Prussian capital without having one's path stopped or impeded by the passing of some prince of the royal house or, at all events, by the cohorts of police who safeguard them. One may stay for months in Munich without seeing more than a royal carriage driving past almost unnoticed except for the raising of hats. The popularity of the Wittelsbachs is genuine, and every Municher takes a lively interest in the ways and doings of the members of the royal house. The tragic history of the Wittelsbachs in recent times is perhaps the reason why the personalities of the present generation seem somewhat effaced. They at all events take care not to stand in the limelight.—Manchester Guardian.

Champagne From Sponges.

"Champagne makers of Rheims buy a lot of our sponges," said a wholesale dealer. "They squeeze champagne out of them. They must squeeze in the year's course a million bottles of champagne out of sponges. Mystified, aren't you? But there is no mystery about the matter. Champagne as it ferments is powerful stuff; it breaks the strongest bottles, and in the past all the champagne that broke its bottles and escaped was lost. Now, though, they pack the champagne bottles in clean sponges, and every day or two they go over the plant, and if any of the bottles have broken they squeeze into casks the wine that the sponges have retained. This wine, reclarified, refined and bottled again, makes a very good second quality drink."

How a Flea Jumps.

It is said that a flea leaps 200 times its height, and, while it usually does land on its feet, it often fails, especially when it falls on a perfectly smooth surface, where the claws can get only a slight hold. A flea has six legs, whose great length and bulk make them so heavy that they must be a great help in keeping their owner right side up when it makes one of those gigantic jumps, and when it lands upside down or in some other way its ability to kick is so great that not more than one wriggle is needed to set things right. A flea's wings are mere scales and of no use. But, small and worthless as they are, they tell the entomologist something about the proper classification of the insect. To the flea itself they have no value.

Compelling Use of Surnames.

Some folk have been compelled by law to change their surnames. In 1603, for instance, the name of MacGregor was proscribed, and those who had previously borne it were compelled to adopt another. In Ireland, also, as far back as 1485, an act was passed ordering the inhabitants of certain districts to "gae appareled like Englishmen, wear their head after the English manner and take English surnames." The act further directed that those concerned should take for their new names "the name of a town, as Sutton, Chester, Cork or a color, as White, Black, Brown," and that they and their wives should use this new surname under pain of forfeiting all their belongings —London Graphic.

"To the Lamppost."

"To the lamppost" is a mistranslation of "a la lanterne." There was no lamppost. The lamp was hung over the middle of the street in the center of a cord, which passed over pulleys at the sides of the street. The lamp was let down, the person to be hanged was substituted for it and the ends of the cord pulled.—London Notes and Queries.

Poor Colors.

"I can't understand Mabel."

"Why not?"

"She's always trying to get things to match her complexion."

"What of it?"

"Haven't you ever noticed her complexion?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Always Some Flaw.

"Wouldn't it be fine to live in clover?" said the optimist.

"Huh! You'd only get hay fever," said the pessimist. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Try It.

A man never quite realizes how much furniture he owns until he tries to walk rapidly through his rooms in the dark.—Puck.

Describing Her.

Gibbs—Say, old man, that little wife of yours is a picture. Dibbs—More; she's a picture puzzle.—Boston Transcript.

Confounding a Braggart.

At the time when Louis Napoleon was president of the French republic the commander at Lyons was General Castellane, an old soldier whose stern rule kept in check the riotous spirits of that disorderly city. One of the most boisterous of the latter was a barber, who openly boasted that he only waited for the opportunity of ridding the city of its stern commander. The general heard of the threat and one afternoon ordered his coachman to drive to the barber's shop. Leaving his carriage, the general entered the shop unattended, took a seat in a vacant chair and desired the barber to shave him. The astonished braggart performed the operation as well as his nervousness would permit. When he had finished the general, while paying him, quietly said:

"Monsieur, since you have not availed yourself of the opportunity to cut my throat which I have given you, would it not be wise for you to refrain from uttering threats that you have not the courage to carry out?"

The New Maid.

Mrs. Brown-Jones (which isn't her name at all, nor nothing like it) has a new parlor maid. Last Thursday was Mrs. B.-J.'s day at home. Six callers were at the door, and each proffered her card.

Hilda looked the cards over carefully one by one.

"Youse ladies iss all wronk!" she decided finally. "One of your tickets iss fer Mrs. Choseph Thompson, one iss fer Mrs. Miller, one iss fer Miss Chenks and Miss Mabel Chenks—and den dere's t'ree odders, all wronk names, yet. Try next door. Goodby!"

Then she went back to her mistress. "None of 'em vanted to see you," she beamed. "Deir tickets vas fer odder houses. I guess maybe dey ain't lifted here long!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Won a Grim Smile.

A certain European regiment stationed in northern India has a colonel who has only once been seen to laugh.

A private of this corps, while a prisoner in the guard room for a military offense, bet the sergeant of the guard 5 rupees that he would make the commanding officer laugh when he was taken before him.

In due course, after reading the charge, the colonel asked the prisoner:

"Have you anything to say?"

"I won't say anything more about it, sir, if you won't," was the unexpected reply.

The grim face relaxed, but the stern decision came all the same:

"Fourteen days confined to barracks."—London Answers.

Lamb's Stammer.

If you must stammer try to stammer to yourself. When you have tut-tutted and gur-gurred sufficiently to yourself you will be ready with the word. It is quite astonishing how soon the inaudible stammer becomes unnecessary and the word is whipped out. But there are some men who hug a stammer—stammering always in the right place—lifting curiosity to tiptoe in the listener. Charles Lamb stammered, but always in the right place, as when he went to buy cheese (the story may be quite untrue). The shopman offered to send it home. Lamb inspected it. Then he asked for a bit of string. "I think," he said, "I could l-l-l-lead it home."—London Spectator.

The Harvest.

Where the river winds through grassy meadows as sure as the south wind brings the rain, sounding his note in the reedy alders, the starling comes back to his nest again. Are these not miracles? Promptly you answer, "Merely the prose of natural fact; nothing but instinct plain and patent, born in the creatures, that bids them act." Well, I have an instinct as fine and valid, surely, as that of the beasts and birds, concerning death and the life immortal, too deep for logic, too vague for words. No trace of beauty can pass or perish, but other beauty is somewhere born; no seed of truth or good be planted, but the yield must grow as the growing corn.—Bliss Carman.

The Tact Market.

Chancellor James R. Day was once advising a young undergraduate of Syracuse university to cultivate tact. "But, alas," he said, "I fear that advice on such a subject must always be wasted. On tact the last word was spoken by Barbey d'Aureville when he said:

"'If tact could be bought only those already possessed of it would want to buy it.'"

The Gloaming.

"What's the gloaming, Uncle William?"

"Well, before a man is married it is the time to take a walk with the girl he loves, but after he is married it is the time he falls over rocking horses and building blocks on the parlor floor."—London Telegraph.

Her Quick Wit.

He—Your new hat is charming, but I fancy it doesn't go well with that dress. She (enchanted)—Oh, you dear old hubby, so you really mean to buy me a dress as well?

Practiced What He Preached.

Hills—Gruet says that he believes in keeping in touch with his fellow men. Mills—Well, there aren't many of them that he hasn't touched.

For a Rainy Day.

Mrs. Exe—My husband has something laid aside for a rainy day. Mrs. Wye—I know it—my husband's umbrella!

Filled Them All Full.

Old Lord Forglen, the Scotch judge, died in 1727. Dr. Clerk, who attended his lordship to the last, calling on his patient the day he died, was admitted by the judge's old servant and clerk, David Reed. "How does my lord do?" inquired the doctor. "I houp he's weel!" responded the old man, whose voice and manner at once explained his meaning. With tears streaming down his face he conducted Dr. Clerk into a room where there were two dozen bottles of wine underneath the table. Other gentlemen presently arrived, and, having partaken of a glass or two of wine while they listened to David's account of his master's last hours, they all rose to depart. "No, no, gentlemen; not so," said the old factotum. "It was the express wish of the deceased that I should fill ye a' fou, and I maun fulfill the will o' the dead." Dr. Clerk used to add when relating the story, "And indeed he did fulfill the will of the dead, for before the end o't there was na ane of us able to bite his ain thoomb!"

The Salty Atlantic.

Some odd disparities have been found to exist in the saltness of the sea water in different oceans and latitudes. For a number of these A. Woeikow in his book, "Ueber den Salzgehalt des Meeres," presents ingenious explanations. The Atlantic ocean is known to be about one-sixtieth more salty than the Pacific and two-sixtieths more so than the Indian ocean. This is in spite of the fact that it receives considerably more fresh water drainage in proportion to its extent, an apparent anomaly. But, points out the scientist, the Atlantic itself supplies, by evaporation, most of the rain that ultimately drains back into it. The prevailing west winds, on the other hand, carry much of its moisture to Indian or even Pacific ocean watersheds. As no fresh water comes down to replace this lost evaporation the residue of the Atlantic becomes saltier. Inflow around the Horn and Cape of Good Hope alone prevents this process from going further than it does.

Anecdote of Sheridan.

When Richard Brinsley Sheridan was in distress in early life one of his recourses was that of writing for the fugitive publications of the day, in which he was materially assisted by his wife, and many years after his entrance into the sphere of politics he was heard to say that "if he had stuck to it, he believed he should have done as much as his friend Tom Erskine; but," continued he, "I had no time for such studies.

"Mrs. Sheridan and myself were often obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton; otherwise we should have had no dinner. One of his friends, with whom he conversed thus wittily replied, "Then I perceive it was a joint concern."

Paraguay's "Spider Lace."

Missionaries in Paraguay more than 200 years ago taught the native Indians to make lace by hand. Since that day the art has greatly developed, and in certain of the towns lacemaking is the chief occupation. Almost all the women, many children and not a few men are engaged in this industry. A curious fact with reference to the Paraguayan lace is that the designs were borrowed from the strange webs woven by the semitropical spiders that abound in that country. Accordingly this lace is by the natives called nanduti, which means "spider web."—Exchange.

Cruel.

"I made these biscuits myself, David," said Mrs. Copperfield, with honest pride.

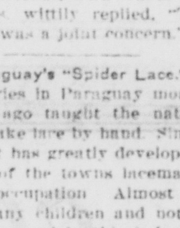
"They look very nice, Dora," replied David, picking one of them up and making an effort to split it. "And they are still hot. How long ago did you—ah!—cast them?"

Not Unlucky.

'Arry—I've brought yer a ring, 'Arriet. Ain't it a beauty? 'Arriet—Why, it's a opal, 'Arry, and opals is awful unlucky, so they ses. 'Arry—You needn't worry yerself over that a little bit, cos it ain't a real un.—London Express.

Lots of Us Like That.

Uncle John—Willie, if you could have your way, who would you rather be than anybody else? Small Willie—Just me, if I could always have my way.—Chicago News.



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In gratitude for relief from aches and pains of bad backs—from distressing kidney ills—thousands have publicly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills. Residents of Bellefonte who so testified years ago, now say the results were permanent. This testimony, doubly proves the worth of Doan's Kidney Pills to Bellefonte kidney sufferers.

Mrs. John Anderson, 245 S. Spring St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I willingly confirm the public statement I gave Doan's Kidney Pills two years ago, after they had benefited me greatly. I procured this remedy at Green's Pharmacy Co. when suffering from backache and severe pain in my loins, and it brought prompt and permanent relief. Another of my family was also cured of kidney trouble by Doan's Kidney Pills."

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Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Razor Strop His Barometer.

President Wilson has tipped off the Weather Bureau that he has what he considers an infallible barometer. It is his razor strop, and every morning the little piece of leather whispers to him to wear his raincoat and umbrella or his frock coat and accompanying finery.

"When I find that my razor does not glide smoothly over the strop," said the President, "I know that it is going to rain, for my well-tuned strop is very sensitive to atmospheric conditions. I have utmost confidence in the strop and always consult it before filling engagements."

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale, sickly. Burdock Blood Bitters makes the blood rich, red, pure—restores perfect health.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

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Work done by the hour or on Contract.

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For Sale.

For sale at my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inqure of Samuel Kline on the farm.

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Bellefonte, Pa

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Every man and woman that handles money ought to have an account with a good bank. It means safety for your money and the cultivation of good economical business habits. Let us open an account with you.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, - - - Penna.

Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7.15	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7.7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.30
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	f 5.05
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.09
	Waddles	8.12	1.10	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.17	.....	5.27
	Fillmore	f 8.21	1.18	f 5.36
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	1.30	f 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	1.50	f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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TO make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in

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AN encyclopædia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photo-reproductions, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S. PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Miss Helen Shaeffer was a business visitor to Lemont on Saturday, last.

P. Gray Meek was a business visitor to Williamsport on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. George Gamble gave a thimble party on Friday of last week at her home on East Linn Street.

W. I. Fleming was home from Harrisburg to spend Sunday here with Mrs. Fleming.

Mrs. Charles E. Dorworth, Charles E. Jr., and May Crider returned home on Tuesday evening from Philadelphia.

William W. Keichline was among those to take in the auto show at Williamsport last week.

Mrs. James Reyman, of Mesoula, Montana, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Allison several days this week.

James Russell Harris, son of Mrs. Louisa Harris, was a recent arrival in town to spend a few days with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCoy, Miss Anna McCoy and Miss Kate D. Shugert went to Washington to see the inauguration ceremonies.

Max Gamble returned home on Monday, following a business trip to Shamokin. While away he took in the auto show at Williamsport.

Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff returned home the latter part of last week, perfectly delighted with what he saw on his trip to the Panama canal.

Miss Audrey Eyer, of East Aurora, who visited her sister, Mrs. Benjamin Bradley for the last six weeks, departed for her home on Wednesday.

Dr. and Mrs. R. G. H. Hayes and sons, John and Thomas, with Miss Annie Miller, have taken a furnished apartment at Atlantic City for the month of April.

Mrs Joseph L. Runkle, who last week underwent a second operation at the Bellefonte hospital, is improving nicely, much to the gratification of a host of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Crider were Tyrone visitors on Sunday, spending the day at the home of Mrs. Crider's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Freeman.

Miss Elsie Rankin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Rankin, departed on Sunday, last, for Philadelphia, at which place she will enter the Presbyterian hospital as a nurse-in-training.

George G. Fink, of Martha, and Willard D. Hall, of Bellefonte, have been drawn as jurors from Centre County for the next term of United States Court, convening at Scranton, on March 16th.

The Bellefonte Presbyterians held "Cottage prayer meetings" last week. On Monday they begun "two weeks of prayer," holding a meeting each afternoon at 1.30 o'clock in the chapel, and at 7.30 o'clock each evening in the church.

The Dr. R. G. H. Hayes family several days ago removed their household effects from the home nearby town and have stored the same in one of Mrs. Shelden's rooms, in Spring Street. The Hayes home was recently purchased by Leathers Bros., of Howard.

The Philipsburg "Journal" notes that Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Stump, after a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Robert Herman, at that place, have returned to their home at Centre Hall. Mrs. Stump had been for six weeks under treatment from Dr. W. B. Henderson, in Philipsburg."

Raymond Jenkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Jenkins, of Tyrone, until recently residing in Bellefonte, is among the State College students chosen as members of the glee club to make a special trip from Chicago to the Pacific coast as guests of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The boys will depart on March 16th and will be gone about one month. There will be thirty-two students in the glee club.

Anybody filled with a desire to get licked good and hard may have his wish gratified this week by familiarly slapping Sheriff Lee on the left arm, between the elbow and shoulder. The big Sheriff was vaccinated some time ago, and his arm became sore enough to make up for all the vaccinations in town which failed to "take." Sheriff Lee probably will have no occasion to be quarantined for smallpox, but while his arm was at its worst he would have preferred a quarantine to escape too familiar greetings on the part of his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Harrison Walker on Thursday of last week were hosts at a "moving party," removing their effects on that day from their apartments in the Bush House into the north side of the Sands property, vacated by Mrs. S. Cameron Burnside. The number of invitations issued is not a matter of record, although the acceptances by married men who have had experience on moving day were few and far between. Mrs. Burnside will have apartments at the Bush House for the present at least.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jamison, of Penn Cave station, came to Bellefonte on Thursday of last week and on Friday Mrs. Jamison underwent an operation in the Bellefonte hospital. While Mr. Jamison was still in Bellefonte he received word from home that the man in charge of his farm stock had neglected to tie one of the horses for the night. The horse in question kicked another horse, breaking its knee and necessitating its being shot. The horse was valued at $200.

Saturday of last week marked the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lukenbach and the occasion was fittingly celebrated with a family reunion and later a family dinner at the home of their daughter, Mrs. M. B. Garman, on East Curtin Street. Mrs. Lukenbach was the recipient of numerous and appropriate gifts. These included flowers and a purse of $50 in gold. Mrs. Lukenbach's health has not been the best for some time and A. G. Morris sent his big touring car to the Lukenbach home to convey her to and from the Garman home. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lukenbach and Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Jenkins, of Tyrone, were among those who were present for the day. Charles A. Lukenbach, who is located in Detroit, Michigan, was the only one of the family who was unable to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richard departed for Philadelphia on Tuesday, planning to remain until after Easter.

Mrs. Mary M. Jacobs, of Philadelphia, arrived in Bellefonte on Tuesday and is visiting with her sister, Mrs. F. W. Crider.

Miss Elsie Hall, of Huntingdon, will speak in the interest of missions on Sunday morning, next, in the United Brethren church.

James D. Seibert was on Tuesday afternoon summoned to Philipsburg, a telegram conveying the sad intelligence that his aged mother was ill and not expected to live.

J. C. Martin, the fine looking and obliging assistant to C. M. Parrish, the druggist, went to Washington this week to pick up a few pointers on how to inaugurate Presidents.

The Study Class will meet on Monday evening, March 10th. The subject will be "The Founding of Central Government", the discussion to be led by Miss Mary Miles Blanchard.

Coming Friday, March 14, one night only, Stetson's World Famous Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., 50 people. Watch for the parade at noon, two bands, dogs, cabins, allegorical figures, at 25, 35 and 50c.

Bellefonte Democrats who were in Washington for President Wilson's inauguration included County Chairman A. B. Kimport, N. B. Spangler, Frank E. Naginey, District Attorney D. Paul Fortney, Thad. R. Hamilton and Jim Cornelius.

Professor Jonas E. Wagner, principal of the Bellefonte public schools, spent last week in Philadelphia, in attendance upon the meeting of school principals which was held in conjunction with the annual convention of the National Educational Association.

Miss Jesse Kerstetter, a graduate nurse from the Bellefonte hospital, arrived in town on Tuesday from Chicago, where she had spent the winter months. She remained over night here with Mrs. Mary Conley, going on Wednesday to her home in Millheim.

Grant Hoover, the well known insurance man from Williamsport, formerly a resident of Bellefonte, was in town on Friday of last week. He was enroute to the anthracite coal regions to adjust several losses by fire. Grant jokingly remarked while here that when business generally isn't very brisk his is invariably the best ever.

The Rev. W. I. Wishart, D. D., of Pittsburgh, will arrive in Bellefonte on Saturday, and will remain until the next Saturday. He is coming to assist Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes with the meetings now in progress in the Presbyterian church. Dr. Wishart is a rare preacher, "a man with a message." His sermons are always strong and inspiring. He will preach Sunday at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30, P.M. He will also preach each evening at 7.30 o'clock.

A more beautiful sight could not be desired than that witnessed last Sunday at the United Brethren church, in this place, when Holy Communion or Lord's Supper was administered both morning and evening to a large percentage of the members, both young and old. Rev. C. W. Winey, the paster, had also the pleasure of taking five new members into the church, thus adding to the spiritual joy of the occasion.

An informal but very pretty wedding was solemnized on Saturday of last week at the United Brethren parsonage in Bellefonte. The contracting parties were Miss Tessie DeLaney, of Nittany, and Charles Boone, of Howard. Rev. C. W. Winey officiated. The happy young couple have a host of friends who wish them much joy and prosperity in life.

Charles E. Pletcher, of Howard, was a genial caller at "The Republican" office yesterday. We were both glad and sorry that he called. It so happened that he favored us at the expense of missing the late afternoon train, on which he had planned going to Milesburg and spending the evening there with an aunt and then taking the regular night train to Howard. Mr. Pletcher didn't quite fancy walking to Milesburg, so he remained in town until evening.

Fred Montgomery has accepted a position as an auxiliary clerk at the Bellefonte post office. Under the new postal regulations clerks and carriers are limited to eight hours and these must fall in ten consecutive hours. The rearrangement of schedules necessitates taking on two auxiliary clerks and also two auxiliary carriers. G. E. Ardery has been appointed one of the new auxiliary carriers. He formerly served as a substitute carrier.

Squire Vinton Beckwith and his brother, C. F. Beckwith, two well known residents of the upper Bald Eagle valley, were business visitors in town last Friday and while here were welcome callers at "The Republican" office. The jovial Squire is one of those fellows who takes no chances on the postal laws interfering with delivery of his paper, so that his mission was especially pleasing to us. We fancy that had some good Republican been occupying Woodrow Wilson's shoes down at Washington on Tuesday the Squire would be entirely contented and at peace with the world in general.

Jimmy Cornelius has had all kinds of narrow escapes, but he never approached the border line more closely than on Thursday morning of last week. There was a break in the gas pipe in the basement of Miss Mollie Snyder's millinery store, in Bishop Street, and as a consequence the cellar was filled with gas. Jim arrived on the scene to learn the cause and extent of the trouble and going into the cellar lighted a match. Instantly there was a terrific explosion and for a few seconds Jim wasn't quite sure where he was at or where he might be the next instant. However, he has a charmed life and escaped without injury. The explosion resulted in the sounding of the fire alarm, but the services of the firemen were not needed. The principal damage done was in Miss Snyder's store. The explosion brought down considerable plaster in her store and a smaller quantity in Harper's grocery next door. Miss Snyder was out of town at the time and on being apprised of what had happened directed that the store be kept closed until her return home. About the only goods damaged in the Harper store were some dried fruits which got a liberal sprinkling of plaster.

Miss Helen Valentine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Valentine, departed on Tuesday for Pittsburgh, where she will be with Miss Katherine Curtin while Mrs. J. Mac Curtin goes to see her mother, Mrs. George F. Harris, who is in the University Hospital in Philadelphia. Mrs. Harris has been improving in health and expects to return to Bellefonte in a week or ten days. Her daughter, Mrs. John M. Shugert, who had been in Philadelphia for a time, returned home last week.

Mrs. Mary Brown, who has been a resident of Bellefonte for many years, departed on Tuesday morning for Girard, Ohio, where she will make her home in the future with a daughter, Mrs. Childs. She was accompanied by her son, Squire Henry D. Brown, who went as far as Pittsburgh, and Mrs. Rice, who made the entire trip to Girard. Mrs. Brown is psat 90 years of age, but is quite vigorous for one of her years. She made the trip from her home to the railroad station in an automobile but after being helped out of the car walked to the train. Several friends were on hand at the station to say goodbye and wish her many happy days in her new home in Ohio.

CORN DAY AT STATE

Many Farmers Attended Exhibition at College Last Friday.

Two train loads of farmers from many points in nearby counties comprised the attendance at the Corn Day exhibition and exercises at State College on Friday of last week. The rainy weather of the several preceding days no doubt kept many persons at home who otherwise would have been present. Those who did attend, however, returned home feeling well repaid for the trip. A gratifying feature was the large percentage of young farmers present.

The exhibits were especially pleasing and interesting, representing the grain shown at the recent State corn show at Harrisburg and also that displayed at the national corn show in Columbia, South Carolina. These exhibits brought home to each person a clear idea of what may be accomplished in the growing of corn in Pennsylvania counties.

The several addresses during the day were well attended. "Silos and Silage" was the subject of an address by Dr. H. P. Davis, of the Department of Dairy Husbandry. He not only dwelt on the value of silos but discussed methods of construction. "Selection of Seed Corn" was the timely topic of a talk by W. H. Darst, of the Department of Agronomy. He emphasized the importance of selecting the best sized ear to properly mature under varying soil and climatic conditions. The keynote of all he had to say was the wisdom of selecting seed corn intelligently in order to get the best results. Another talk along much the same lines was that by C. F. Noll, whose subject was "Care and Testing of Seed Corn". He impressed on his hearers the importance of properly drying out seed corn before cold weather sets in, advocating the use of artificial heat, where necessary, to dry the corn thoroughly. He deprecated the practice of piling the corn or otherwise storing it so that air cannot have free circulation around it. Illustrating his point, he stated that corn dried artificially at the State College Experimental Station for the last three years yielded from two to five bushels more an acre than the corn dried under ordinary methods.

"More Corn Per Acre" was the subject chosen by Professor F. D. Gardner, chief of the Department of Agronomy, who discussed the value of gradually increasing the corn acreage and also the production per acre, the value of shortening rotations to have corn occur at more frequent intervals. With the exception of potatoes, he stated, corn growing gives a greater energy value per acre and a greater money value per acre than any other staple.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co, doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY,
Notary Public.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonial free.

F. J. CHENEY CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, Price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Charles Boone,	Howard
Tessie DeLaney,	Nittany
Walter R. Crust,	State College
Bessie Rumberger,	"
Forest E. Harter,	Madisonburg
Mary M. Dorman,	Snydertown
Harry E. Kellerman,	Benore
Estella W. Williams,	"

Spring Inspection March 28.

The annual spring inspection of Co. L, Twelfth Infantry, located at Bellefonte, will be held at the armory on the evening of Friday, March 28th.

Spring Term Normal.

A spring term normal school will be conducted at Howard for teachers and those preparing to teach, beginning April 14th, 1913. Inquire of F. Milford Pletcher, Principal, Howard, Pa.

YOUR CLOTHES

for Spring are ready now, we've brought together a very wonderful lot of fine suits and overcoats--made especially for us by The Country's Best Clothes Builders. New models for young men, new fabrics and patterns; fine weaves from the best sources in the world; styles created by the master designers; tailored in the most perfect manner; the best clothes for you to buy. You should see what $15 will get, the highest possible value

for your money. We have plenty at lower and higher price. Be your price as it may—we are ready to give you the highest possible value at each price.

We have a great stock to offer you and we hope you'll come and see it even if you don't buy anything.

New Hats--New Shirts--New Neckwear

All the things Men and Boys wear at your service.

Sim The Clothier

ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

CONSIDER THIS

As long as you have made up your mind to get a new suit of clothes why not have it tailored to your own personal measure? Select the fabric you prefer and let us make it up especially for you. Don't be content with what the rank and file of men buy, when you can get

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

$20 to $45

We are the authorized repretatives for this town. On our tables are displayed upwards of 500 seasonable patterns in all wool fabrics which can't be duplicated hereabout. If you're eager for real style, this is your stopping place. See display of woolens in our window.

Montgomery & Co.

Correct Attire For Man & Boy Bellefonte, Pa.